TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 42.

Around Town.

Lord Stanley of Preston was the first sensation of the week. It shows how barren our lives are of excitement when the advent of an official of whom, outside of his rank, nothing more can be truthfully said than that he is a genial though common-place gentleman, produces such a flutter. He is the son of a great man, and the brother of another more or less great, but of greatness he has himself nothing, except we attribute to him a greatness of heart, which in other words is to say that he is a good fellow, and you know that is the remark always passed about those of whom we can say nothing more complimentary. This, however, in a Governor-General is a great deal. The office does not require either genius or statesmanship. The routine of office and general knowledge of state-craft which he acquired as a British Cabinet Minister, are amply sufficient to keep him from blunders. Sins of commission are all that are to be feared in a political sense, for the Governor-General is brought here to do nothing, and he exceeds his duty if he does more. Socially, however, Canadians have before now been wounded to the core, if people ever are wounded in that locality, because the social figure-head of the Dominion has had an impertinent aide-de-camp, or because the Governor himself has been too starchy. Everybody remembers the Lorne regime and Colonel De Winton and his "low-neck" edict which was but a sample of the snobbery of which he seemed so dangerously fond.

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Everybody loved Lord Dufferin because he had the knack of saying sweet things in season and out of season, he could be waked out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning by a deputation who desired to present a long-winded and rubbishy address, and in his bed-gown and night-cap make a most charming reply which would be remembered by every one in the delegation as a personal compliment to himself.

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Lord Lansdowne, too, though very stiff and precise and very little of the jolly fellow, made an excellent impression, as did his amiable wife who looked so remarkably scrawny in a low-necked dress. Dufferin, Lorne and Lansdowne were all easy speakers, the first an orator, the second self-possessed and of pleasant delivery, the latter cultured and thoughtful. Lord Stanley of Preston is an exceedingly poor speaker and lacks even the self possession which one would suppose his aristocratic birth and training, together with his official experience, would have given him. He hesitates and stumbles over his ideas, and at the pavilion was even guilty of saying "evenin'" The latter pleased me very much as that is the way I very frequently pronounce it myself, forgetting that I live in a larger settlement than the clearing in which I was born. Coupled with these peculiarities, while speaking he picks at the skirt of his coat, makes a feeble motion of the hand over his mouth and beard, and nervously feels the scanty locks on the top of his head, as if anxious to know whether any of his hair is peeling off. These things, however, will rather endear him to the mass of Canadians who are not at all fond of finding the Governor-General too superior a person, and I think, as a rule, will feel delighted to know that he doesn't appear to any greater advantage than the majority of ourselves. Then, again, when he speaks he has a pleasant smile, and seems such a decent, amiable sort of a fellow, that you can't help getting in sympathy with him to a certain extent, and this produces a fraternal anxiety to see him do better than he apparently knows how to. He is a large man, and that is in his favor, particularly as he does not lack the gracefulness of size which conveys the idea of well-bred good nature. In a great many respects he bears a very strong likeness to our well-known townsman Frank Turner, C.E.

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One thing is certain, Lord Stanley of Preston made an exceedingly good impression in Toronto, and if Toronto has not made a good impression on Lord Stanley of Preston he is hard to impress. The city turned out to do him honor in great style, and for fear anything might escape his notice the addresses which were poured into his weary ears with monotonous reiteration recited our undying loyalty, unswerving allegiance and heart-felt sympathy, earnest hope, distinguished son of noble sire, vast resources of country, same blood, common stock, progressive institutions, industrious population, thriving industries, and many other more or less sterling impulses of which we are not made aware only at stated seasons when the advent of vice-royalty leads us into fits of introspection and when pen in hand we scratch our heads for ideas for an address. The committees on addresses have done their duty nobly, and with excellent taste and an expert knowledge of just how much the human system can endure, they brought Lord Stanley of Preston to the brink of the grave and yet let him escape alive. A joint committee of the various committees should have presented him with a congratulatory address at his departure, expressing their undying joy that he had survived the infliction of so much twaddle. For fear this little attention has been omitted I now feel free to state to his Excellency that I "view with alarm" these rhetorical attacks upon his health and happiness, and "point with pride" to the fact he, the "distinguished son of a noble sire" has "come through the ordeal" with "true British pluck" and "heroic endurance," which indicate that "the British nation" and the "bone and sinew" of the Empire are not degenerating. With these few remarks I would now take my seat on the Governor-General question, but there is very little else to write about.

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As a postscript I might add that nothing is more astonishing to me than the remarkable anxiety of the average man and woman to see the Governor-General. They will not only walk untold distances, journey in crowded street cars from the orient to the occident, but will actually run, crowd, push and almost commit felonious assault on other sight-seers in order to get a glimpse of a representative of royalty. I dropped into the Board of Trade, and found the capacious apartment crowded by business men who had left counting-room, mill and factory to see Lord Stanley of Preston; and again in the evening I spent three minutes in the Pavilion, which enabled me to see the thousands who had been able to crowd into the building and the thousands who stood outside, and hear his Excellency refer to "evenin'," and to say "Good evenin'" myself to the doorkeeper. I really could not imagine what had brought so many people there or why they were craning their necks and straining their ears to catch what was so little worth hearing. Doubtless Canadians, like other people, dearly love a lord, and this feeling is very largely shared by our Yankee neighbors. If we only loved the Lord as we do a lord, what a pious people we would be!

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In spite of moralizing of this kind the Torontonian could not but feel proud of his city and fellow-citizens when viewing the reception Lord Stanley received. It is in this way that we delight our official visitors, and they go away singing the praises of this fair land in other countries, where it will probably do us some good, and it is thus we inform our Yankee neighbors that we are still loyal to the old flag. Still we should not overdo it, or we may make Lord Stanley of Preston feel that we are too demonstrative and cause a not unnatural fear that in our excess of zeal we may smother him with caresses if he ever comes again.

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Among the noticeable features of the address reading craze was the nervousness of a reverend and venerable gentleman who, while delivering himself of the loyal and patriotic sentiments embodied in an engrossed scroll, stammered and stuttered and faltered and led all his listeners to believe he was about to break down and request some one else to finish the job. This incident took place at the Queen's Hotel and the gentleman in question was the Rev. Archdeacon Boddy. Strange, isn't it, that nervousness should take possession of a man so well used to speaking in public.

Then again at Osgoode Hall, though the barristers were notified of the proposed visit of the Governor-General two weeks in advance they made no arrangements and it took quite a little telephoning to ensure the meagre attention of open gates for the vice-regal carriage. On the arrival of the visitors there was no one to receive them and the time had to be put in looking at empty rooms and wandering aimlessly about the corridors. Even Dalton McCarthy seemed rattled and out of his element.

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Up at the educational department a surprise was in store for the visitors. It had been arranged that no formal address should be presented, and when the Hon. G. W. Ross was spoken to at the outset of the interview, he said he would have nothing to say, except show the Governor-General the schools with the statement that "These are our boys," and "These are our girls." Yet this experienced politician who knows how thoroughly weariness. Still it is worth noticing that the more it is discussed by the American politicians, the less fondness they show for the measure. Canada's firm and self-confident attitude has been noticed, and our Yankee neighbors begin to think retaliation would be a boomerang, as it most decidedly will be if it is put in force.

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Goldwin Smith has very appropriately called attention to the propriety of Canadians abstaining from bluster, and has intimated that Young Man Tupper ought to be squelched. This young man, who has a Cabinet position all on account of his father, deserves to be corked. The noise that emanates from the large mouth of a small man is exactly the kind of jingoism we don't want. Talking about fighting, nothing would make Canadians fight so quick as any weakening on the part of the Government. Canadians are not very numerous, but they are great big men and they don't weaken; neither do they enjoy or indorse school-boy brag.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

some addresses are to the tired ears of officials, delivered himself of a speech which occupied twenty-three minutes by the watch, and His Excellency made an impromptu reply which was certainly not worse than his formal ones.

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Lady Stanley made an excellent impression in Toronto, and to see her kind motherly face is pleasant. She was especially delighted to see the firemen sliding down the pole, and the lamentable accident caused by the calling out of the brigade deeply grieved the visitors, and it should be a lesson not to turn our protective bodies into a circus to make a vice-regal holiday. The firemen take enough chances in turning out to protect public property without having to join in chariot races to please distinguished guests.

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Talking about the Re—but probably everyone is tired of hearing about the retaliation business. Canada believes herself to be right, has selected her position, camped on it, and is going to stay there, and thoroughly understands that it is not a sign of patriotism, bravery or good sense to have a fife and drum band continually parading through our neighbors' streets to the tune of "Yankees lie down," and "Rise Sons of Canada William." The truly patriotic citizen is always ready to act and unwilling to talk. The man who will endure a good deal of abuse without remark, and finally answers with a blow has very few rows, and as far as my knowledge extends never gets whipped, while the loud talker, who is so brave he cannot keep his mouth shut, very frequently has to be led away by the ear. Very few people care to interrupt a dignified silence.

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Fears were entertained, or at least expressed, during the last Mayoralty campaign, that our democratic Ned Clarke would not be sufficiently fine-haired to receive distinguished visitors, but this fear has been banished by the courtly bearing of his Worship; and while I was listening to his Excellency in the Board of Trade rooms, quite a number of business men were making comparisons between the intellectuality of the Mayor and the Governor considerably in the favor of the former. It makes all of us proud to see how clever a man we have for mayor, and as I did not get a chance last week to say what I felt about the proper and highly satisfactory arrangement which Mayor Clarke had effected with the University authorities, I say it now. Everything Mayor Clarke has undertaken, has been managed with singular skill and practical common sense, which, without exception, has pleased everyone. Perhaps I should except from this category a very few who seem anxious to preserve the reputation of his predecessor by belittling the excellencies of the present Chief Magistrate of the city. As an evening paper which has been considerably opposed to Mr. Clarke remarked the other day, the mayoralty is but an incident in the upward progress of Edward Frederick Clarke.

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It is to be hoped the citizens will not refuse to make a sufficient appropriation for the court-house on the basis of the tenders which have been submitted and accepted. Corporations like the Canada Life and the Bank of Commerce are erecting magnificent buildings, and Torontonians are anxious to see their example generally followed by the wealthy companies who are doing business in this Province. How can they reasonably hope to see this custom become general when on the question of erecting suitable quarters for the courts and city and county offices there is so much haggling and complaining? If companies which are managed on the most conservative and economical principles find it to their advantage to have handsome buildings, how is it that a city which depends, partially at least, on its attractiveness as a summer resort and place of residence, hopes to maintain its reputation with shabby, unwholesome and absolutely contemptible public buildings? Toronto felt very sore for years that the Legislature would not appropriate sufficient to erect proper Parliament buildings. At last our new Legislative building is well under way, and it remains for our own people to say whether the policy we condemned in the none too broad-minded provincial politicians is to deny us respectable quarters for our courts and civic and county councillors.

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An actor named Drake, who in his peregrinations formed the objectionable habit of marrying too frequently, has committed suicide rather than face his numerous wives. Apparently, like the sailor, he had a wife in every port and thus while on his tours was always at home. I can never imagine how a man has courage enough to be a bigamist or how he can hope to successfully conceal his marital alliances. A woman is so curious and a wife feels that her curiosity is so legitimate that we always expect to be catechized with regard to what we do when we are out o' nights. A man would have to be a very expert liar and have overpowering endearments always on tap if, while making a tour of his wives, he dare hope to make explanations which would not be called in rebuttal on future occasions. The feminine mind seems extraordinarily retentive of explanatory remarks which the husband may let drop when excusing himself for conduct he desires to be esteemed harmless. The locality of your slippers, collar-button, vest buckle and other shirt may fade from the mind of your loving spouse, but what you said when you got home an hour overdue remains written in enduring brass on the tablets of her otherwise uncertain memory. I find it hard enough to keep track of myself with only one wife, and even a professional memory which has helped me to make a living is not sufficiently alert to avoid making some very bad breaks. If I had two, or four, or six wives, I cannot imagine what pleasure there would be in life, for I would dare undertake no other task than rehearsing dainty little romances for home use. Even virtue isn't a sufficient safeguard; one must still be circumspect; for a patchwork quilt of conversations consisting of paragraphs separated by months and even years, is very startling when suddenly presented with that fidelity of expression and vigor of elocution which is apt to mark the closing of the case, the address to the jury and the solemn question to the prisoner if he has anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. Prisoner look at the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Society.

A pleasant break in the dull monotony of the dead season has been the advent of Lord and Lady Stanley. Their visit, although a very short one, has been characterized by much heartiness both on their own and on the part of the citizens of Toronto.

Whilst there is much that is objectionable in the presentation of addresses, it is difficult to provide any satisfactory substitute. The Governor-General has to meet the public face to face. Our city aldermen and other prominent men have to air themselves—ergo, we have the address nuisance. In this connection it has to be admitted that the various addresses made to Lord Stanley this week have been short and pretty generally characterized by common sense. The St. George's Society address read by the president, Mr. James Spooner was a pleasant and successful affair. Amongst others introduced by Mr. Spooner were Mr. Stephen M. Jarvis, Revs. Septimus Jones, and Wm. Brookman, Messrs. Geo. Beardmore, Geo. Virtue, Harry Greene, A. Monro Grier, S. G. Wood, J. J. Allworth, H. Hampshire, J. W. Stockwell, D. Plews, J. E. Pell, Harry Symons, D. J. Symons, Alfred Beardmore, R. W. Elliot, and J. E. Pell. The new Governor-General is a pleasant-looking man of some fifty summers, and conveys the impression of one who is not adverse to the good things of this life. He may lack the dash and fire of his famous sire, the Rupert of Debate, but he is what is far better, a thoroughly safe man. Lady Stanley is a well-preserved matronly looking little woman, who bears the impress of one who has a kindly heart and a benevolent disposition. Her niece and companion, Miss Lister, is a tall handsome girl with a marked tendency towards turning her toes in which somewhat detracted from her otherwise graceful appearance, as she quietly listened to the reading of the addresses last Monday afternoon. Miss Lister will be of age when the robins nest again.

Lord Stanley's aides, Captain Colville and Mr. MacMahon are hardly the equals of their predecessors, Captains Ansons and Streatfeild as far as good looks and personal appearance are concerned, at least so I am assured by a gentle connoisseur in such matters.

The presentation of citizens at the Pavilion on Monday night after the reading of the municipal address was great fun, the satisfied smile of the old stagers, and the sigh of relief from the perspiring novices in such matters, after the ordeal had been gone through, was a sight for saints to gaze upon. The military men were there in great form—more brilliant than Solomon in all his glory, and thoroughly conscious that the eyes of admiring fellow-country-women were upon them. Amongst the representative men of the various branches of the service were Colonels G. T. Denison, Fred Denison, C. B., Grasett, Allan, Dawson, and Otter, Majors Harrison and Mason, Surgeons Grasett, King, Nattrass, and Ryerson, Captains Sankey, McDonald, Mutton, Mason, Thompson, Manley, Davidson and Howard, Paymaster Bruce, Quarter master Ellis, Lieutenants Morrow, Lowe, Lambe, Burch, Lloyd, Baird, McLeod, Peuchen, Ince and Knifton.

Before interest in the lawn tennis tournament has entirely subsided, I should like to ask the committee of the Toronto L. T. C. whether it would not be well for them to consider the advisability of increasing the attractiveness of the meeting next year and on following occasions, by once more offering a prize to be competed for by ladies. For many years such a competition took place yearly, and was perhaps the most popular feature of the tournament. It was dropped, I am told, owing to a great falling off in the number of entries, but since this was done the game has become more and more popular with Toronto ladies, and I am assured that in many quarters a strong wish exists that it should be tried once more. Also at all tournaments in England, and at most that take place in the United States, a prize is given for ladies' and gentlemen's doubles, and the popularity of such matches is proved by the large number of entries for them; while as regards the financial part of the business, it is well known that play by ladies is always the greatest of draws. Plenty of good tennis is to be seen annually at the Toronto tournaments, but there is a certain monotony about them which such a remedy as I have suggested would do much to remove.

Miss Gillespie, the Misses Yarker, Miss Moss, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Cameron are amongst Toronto ladies who excel at the game, and who would most probably enter, while a little encouragement would bring competitors from Hamilton and other neighboring towns.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has returned to the Grange after a tour through the North-West and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Rumay of Hamilton were in town this week on their way to England for a short visit.

Miss Hendrie of Hamilton was also in Toronto this week. Miss Hendrie is starting on a journey to Japan, whence she goes by way of India to England, and in a year from the present time will return to Canada, one of the very few Canadian ladies who have ever been round the world.

Mr. Williamson, for many years a popular resident of Toronto, but who now lives in New York, is staying with Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald on Simcoe street.

Mr. Kilgour of London, Ont., is revisiting his old abode, the Island.

Miss Jones has returned to town none the worse for her adventurous cruise from Victoria, B. C., to the coast of Alaska.

The Messrs. Kershaw returned this week from a long camping expedition on the northern lakes. These gentlemen were amongst the intrepid few who made the passage by canoe from Lake Muskoka to Georgian Bay. Mr. Kershaw has returned to New York, and Mr. Kershaw, jr., to rejoin his regiment at Halifax. The York and Lancaster sail next month for the West Indies, so it will be long before those of their officers who are known in Toronto will be seen here again.

Mr. Cassimer Dickson has accompanied his friends, the Irish cricketers, for a portion of their tour in the States. Many other friends of the popular Hibernians have been glad to hear that their first fixture on the other side of the line, against Pittsburg, though the match resulted in a draw, yet was a moral victory for them. Scores—Pittsburg, 100; the Irish Gentleman 94 for eight wickets.

Mr. Percy Hodgins returned to town this week, having crossed from England by a White Star boat to New York.

Mr. Shanly has left town for two or three weeks.

Mr. W. H. Long, M. P., of Rude Ashton, Wiltshire, a member of the present government in England, is the guest of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Mr. Long is on his way to Banff and British Columbia.

Mr. Colin Campbell has returned from his summer quarters at Longuissa, but leaves shortly to continue his medical studies in New York.

Miss Daisy Browne of Hamilton, who has been staying with Hon. Justice and Mrs. Osler at the Island, returned to Hamilton this week.

Sir William Howland has returned from a tour through Manitoba and a portion of the North-West. Sir William's return is of perhaps as great an interest to the commercial world as to the social, when the special nature of his tour is considered.

Mr. Napier Robinson has come up from Belleville and is paying town a short visit.

General Middleton and Captain Wise, his popular A. D. C., were in town this week, the guests of Major and Mrs. Dawson on College avenue.

Dr. D. O. R. Jones, the eldest son of Mr. Clarkson Jones of College avenue, who has been attached to a London Hospital during the past three years, has returned to Toronto. Mr. Jones is a believer in homeopathy, and as a homeopath will doubtless build up a good practice in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald of London, England, are visiting friends in Toronto.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson have sent out invitations for a large garden party at Chestnut Park on the 18th September. I can only hope that the weather will continue warm and that a fine day will afford opportunity for a proper enjoyment of the admirable facilities which Chestnut Park offers.

Mr. and Mrs. Connor, for some years residents in Toronto, have returned to town for a short visit from their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Stone Wiggins of Ottawa, is visiting friends in Toronto. It was this lady who persuaded the Senate to pass the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Her letters on the subject addressed to His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario are a valuable contribution to literature.

The Gooderham-Northrop marriage, to which I alluded in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, was solemnized in St. Peter's Church on Wednesday morning last. From 10 o'clock a constant stream of people had gathered in and around the little English Church on Carlton street, all anxious to catch one glimpse at the faces of the bride and her maids. I was in the church shortly after 10 o'clock and even then half the pews were occupied. During the long wait for the wedding party, Mr. Doward the organist of the Ascension Church, played in an admirable fashion several selections particularly noticeable amongst which was The Bridesmaid's Chorus from Lobengrin. There was nothing monotonous in the long wait for the bridal party, thanks to the chancel's sweetness of sound. Thanks also to the gossip of the good dames around me, I had every opportunity to forget that I was within the walls of a sacred edifice. How they did gossip. The weddings of the past ten years were resurrected, and the various *trousseaux* ripped up and fashioned afresh by these garrulous dames and damsels. Just as the good looks and *trousseau* of a by-gone bride were receiving an honest mauling at the hands of these gossips, the bridal party drove up to the church, and for a brief space the tongue of the gossip was silenced. The bride leaning on the arm of her father looked shy and rather girlish in a magnificent costume of ivory duchess satin, handsomely draped in front with full train of brocade. I notice that a morning paper has erred in its description of the bridesmaids who were Miss Gooderham—a sister of the groom, and Miss Allie Gooderham, second daughter of Mr. Alfred Gooderham of Sherbourne street, very charming indeed they looked in handsome costumes of cream satin with wide gold colored sashes of India silk, and puffed sleeves of valenciennes lace. The groomsmen were Mr. Cecil Leigh and Dr. McDonagh who bore themselves exceedingly well. Some of the dresses were marvels of the costumier's art. Mrs. Northrup wore a dove colored silk gown *en train*, elegantly embroidered in the same shade—dove-color, and carried a fan bouquet of pink rosebuds and maiden-hair. Mrs. George Gooderham, mother of the groom, was attired in gros grain silk, with jet trimmings.

The bridal party entered by the south door, first the two bridesmaids, walking separately a few paces apart. It was indeed a pretty sight as the wedding party passed up to the chancel, marred somewhat by the excited curiosity of the sight-seers who crowded up the aisle behind them, climbed the seats and effectually shut out any one who failed to emulate their conduct. Under such circumstances the ceremony itself was an unknown quantity as far as I am concerned, but I have every reason to suppose that everything went off well at the hands of the officiating clergyman, the Ven. Archdeacon Boddy.

During the ceremony itself I heard a lady say that the horses outside were alone worth coming to see, and I am constrained to acknowledge that the venerable dame in question was right, for a finer collection of carriage horses I haven't seen for some time. I noticed that one of the carriages had been denuded of its lamps, and the vacant space ornamented with handsome bouquets.

As the wedding party left the church I noticed Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, the latter wearing a superb dress of moss-green, brocaded plush and bonnet to match. Dr. and Mrs. Ross of Wellesley street; Mrs. Ross' dress was a delicately beautiful rich grey silk, and bonnet trimmed with pale pink plumes. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, and Miss Gooderham in a dainty figured silk and bonnet. Dr. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, the latter in a light-colored dress and white tulle bonnet. The Misses Beattie wore cardinal and cream, and tan and cream costumes and hats to match. Miss Josie Gooderham looked sweetly pretty in terra cotta silk with puffed sleeves. Miss McKeough of Chatham was in white. Mrs. W. Brouse, in dark green velvet, apple green silk and chenille fringe, attracted all eyes, and was much admired, deservedly so, according to the dictum of an old lady, who remarked, "She do look bootiful with 'er 'air an' complecksh agin that dark green."

Toronto was fortunate when the shrievalty of York was given to Dr. Widdifield, insomuch as he is a cultured gentleman and a most generous host, and his bachelor hospitality has long been unrivalled in this city. His first dinner at the Toronto Club on Tuesday the 11th, was marked by an absence of regard for anything except the most delightful entertainment of his guests. The following gentlemen were present: Judge MacDougall, David Creighton, M.P.P., of the *Empire*, G. W. Badgerow, County Crown Attorney, Mr. Sheriff Mowat, Lieut.-Col. Gilmor, Clerk of the Legislature, Mr. A. Yule, Warden of York County, Mr. G. Eakins, Clerk of the County Council, Mr. G. B. Smith, M P.P., Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. T. C. Irving, Messrs. N. G. Bigelow, G. H. Watson, Dr. Hillary and Daniel Spry.

Personal.

Mr. G. Percival of Winnipeg is in Toronto.

Mr. J. Stovel of Winnipeg is visiting Toronto.

Mr. Fred C. Ozenham of Hamilton was in town last week.

Mr. Donald McMaster, Q.C., ex-M.P., was in this city on Wednesday.

Mr. F. M. Holland of Oshawa spent Monday in town with his friends.

Mr. John Stratton Crofton is visiting his uncle, Mr. John Stratton, in New York.

Mr. H. D. Hulme has returned to town after spending a three weeks' vacation in Belleville.

Mrs. J. L. Nicholls of Chatham, is visiting Mrs. Hector Lamont at 416 Sherbourne street.

Mr. William Cooke, of the Merchants' Bank, left town on Monday last to be absent for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Torrance and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong spent last Sunday in Buffalo, returning to town on Tuesday.

Mr. James Henderson and wife left on Wednesday for a trip to Lake Champlain and New York, where they intend to spend two weeks.

Miss Marie Shields of "Camsarvie Villa," Queen's Park, has returned to the city after spending a month with Dr. and Mrs. Bell of Alliston.

The Young Bachelors' Soiree Club organized on Monday last and will hold Wednesday evening receptions. The honorary secretary of the club is Mr. George Schelbe.

Major E. P. Denison, who returned some days ago from an extended visit to the North-West, speaks most highly of the future of this important part of the Dominion.

Mr. Arthur Deacon of New York is a guest at the residence of Mr. James Hewlett, No. 38 Wellington place. His sister, Miss Deacon, returns to England the week after next.

In a personal notice last week of a portrait crayon of the late Bertha M. Clay, the real name of the latter was given as Charlotte May Brane; it should have read Charlotte Mary Brame.

Mr. Harcourt Bevier, Mr. Geo. Melville and Mrs. Harcourt, Miss Gertrude Hamilyn and Miss Melville and maid of London, England, were registered at Keachie's European Hotel here on Thursday for lunch only. They were passing through, and stayed over to look in at the Exposition.

Mr. A. A. Bruce has returned from a shooting party in Muskoka, and is now the guest of Mr. Jas. Hewlett of 38 Wellington Place. Mr. Bruce leaves town next week for a tour through the United States, prior to returning to his home in England.

One of the coming evening weddings alluded to in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, takes place next week, invitation cards being out for the nuptials of Miss Everett St. Clair Crosse and Mr. Charles Clayton Ambery. The wedding takes place at 8 o'clock, and a reception will be held afterwards.

Mr. Joseph Leary of this city has been appointed to a mastership in Wellesley street school. As an ex-pupil and winner of a scholarship in 1882, it is pleasing and appropriate that he should have obtained the position he so well merited. He is probably the second ex-pupil in the city promoted to be a teacher in his own school.

There are only two wedding celebrations deserving of recognition—the silver and the golden wedding—the rest, wooden weddings, crystal weddings, etc., are abominations which ought to be scouted by all sensible people. A pleasant affair in the former class was the silver wedding of the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, Dr. Parker, and Mrs. Parker, which was celebrated by an At Home at 328 Huron street, on Monday last. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presence of the clergyman (Rev. Dr. Harper) who married Dr. and Mrs. Parker twenty-five years ago. Dr. Harper made a pleasant speech, after which Mrs. Calvert presented Dr. and Mrs. Parker with a silver plate well filled with silver coins of this year's issue.

The At Home of the Toronto Rowing Club was a most successful affair. It must be confessed that at one time in the afternoon failure seemed very near, but after the matinee had discharged its audience visitors began flocking into the club-house, and after five o'clock the success of the whole affair was amongst the things which are assured. Owing to the condition of the water it was early recognized that racing was entirely out of the question, and everyone turned his or her energies towards the task of having a pleasant time inside the club-house. It is only fair to say that such efforts met with their due reward, it being unanimously voted that a most enjoyable time had been spent by those who took part. Given a good dancing floor, an excellent string band and an attentive committee, an affair of this sort is bound to be a success, and last Saturday afternoon's At Home was no exception to the rule. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Miss Carrie Bright, Miss Jennie Montgomery of Brantford, Miss Rogers of Brooklyn, Miss Elcaine Rogers, Miss Bunton of Burlington, Miss Cameron and Miss Reba Bunton of Harrisburg, Pa., Miss Taylor, Miss Mary Hunter, Miss Howlby of Brantford and the Misses Peacock, Mr. A. R. Boswell, Mr. R. W. Gouinlock, Mr. Wm. Davidson, Mr. D. Roberts, Mr. Geo. W. Gouinlock, Mr. A. R. Carmichael, Mr. E. Badenach, Mr. L. J. Cosgrave, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. John Skaith, Mr. J. H. Spink, Mr. H. C. Fortier, Mr. F. Vary and Mr. Mills. Refreshments were served by Harry Webb, and dancing was kept up until half-past ten.

E. BEETON
Chronometer and High-Grade Watch Specialist.
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, TORONTO.
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" "	. . . .	7 " "
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"Why, Frank, what brings you in this direction?"

The young man thus addressed stopped and turned to his questioner, an unmistakable expression of chagrin on his handsome brown face.

"Well, Robin, might I not put the same question to you?" he answered, smiling.

"Oh, it is different with me!" said Robina Clitheroe. "I have no objection to the new railway; but you—listen—you can hear the workmen quite plainly!"

The young girl raised her hand as she spoke, and inclined her elfish face towards the side of the path. Through the thick foliage of the trees, just beginning to turn yellow beneath a September sun, came sounds that to the young Squire's ears were a profanation of Clitheroe Chase—the "puff, puff," of an engine dragging a long line of heavily-laden trucks, the clang of hammers as the rails were fastened in their places, and all those discordant noises that tell of some great work being vigorously carried on, and that seemed out of place in the deep silence and repose of leafy Kentish woods.

The young man's brow contracted and his cheeks flushed as he listened. His father, old Squire Clitheroe, had fought against this new railway for years, giving up the contest only with his life; and Frank—tall, handsome, indolent Frank Clitheroe—inherited all his father's prejudices. He quite overlooked the fact that he had received ample compensation for the corner of the park through which this objectionable railway was being carried. It was a shame and a disgrace, he declared, so to cut up a gentleman's place against his wishes, and he would never go near the vaunted new line.

His sister Robina looked at the matter much more rationally.

"We are badly off," she said, "for people in our position; and, besides the company's worth, the railway will increase the value of the land.

So, with her keen tongue and ready wit, she had protested against her brother's objections, and professed herself "much obliged to the company."

"Yes, I hear it," said Frank, with a grimace; "it's a pleasant sound—is it not, Robin?"

"I thought you said that you would never come to this side of the Chase!" queried the girl, her bright black eyes raised to his.

"Well, you see," began Frank, and then suddenly stopped.

"Now don't! Fibbing is a part of your education which has not been properly attended to; or perhaps you don't take kindly to it. I'll tell you why you are at this side of the park, if you wish."

"Tell me, then."

Robina crossed her two little hands on the handle of her parasol and looked steadily into her brother's face. She was a little creature, with sloping shoulders and a very small waist; but it was the accepted opinion of the neighborhood that she had far more cleverness and determination than her brother had, although he was six feet high, and a fine specimen of handsome English manhood.

"You are going," she said, "to see Julia Power, the overseer's pretty daughter, and talk nonsense to her, tell her how charming she is, lend her books, and so forth. Am I not right?"

"Did you read all that in my face?" asked Frank, laughing, but flushing a deep crimson.

"Well, not quite. I have been visiting the fair Julia on my own account."

"Indeed, Robin!"

"I want her for my choir. You may have remarked what a sweet soprano comes from the pew in which she and her father sit on Sundays; so I went to One-Tree Cottage today, and found her sitting among the roses reading a novel, for which, as a literary creature, she informed me, she had a *pen-chant!*"

"A what?"

"A '*pen-chant*,' Frank—said it quite confidently too."

"A—oh, I see—a *penchant!* Why, what could have induced the girl to make such a fool of herself?" The young man frowned as he spoke, and looked much more disturbed than the situation warranted.

"Because she can hardly speak the Queen's English, and of course breaks down completely in attempting any other tongue. Not that you mind that, Frank; the young person has eyes as big and brown as my fawn Duschinka's, and a forehead and mouth moulded like those of the Clytie in the Townley Marbles; and, that being so, bad grammar may come from her lips for anything you care."

Frank laughed in his careless, good-humored way, and tilted his sister's broad-leafed hat back off her forehead.

"What a careful Robin you are!" he said affectionately. "What made you think I shall get into by lending Miss Power a few books?"

"I do not think you will get into any,' replied Miss Clitheroe, with decision; "I am thinking of the girl. When I went there to day, she seemed so ill at ease, so anxious to please me, and yet so afraid of me, that I do believe the silly child is half in love with you, Frank."

"Oh, come," returned Frank, greatly pleased—"you don't mean that, Robin!"

"I do—every word of it; and you will go there, and talk to her, and look at her admiringly; and when the child is about ready to go to the stake for you, you will begin to think you have gone far enough—tell her so perhaps—and leave her to break her heart."

"Why, Robin," exclaimed the young man, "what has come to you? I never saw you so much in earnest before!"

"Well, I am not ashamed of being so," said his little sister, laying her hand upon his arm; "for, although she is not a lady, and mispronounces her French horribly, she is as sweet and pure and true as if she had been born in the purple and brought up by a duchess; and I cannot bear the thought of her pining and fretting herself to death for the impossible—for of course you could not marry her, Frank."

The young fellow looked guilty—as though the subject of marrying Julia Power were not so far from his thoughts as his sister supposed; but he only replied good-humoredly—

"Why, what a captivating fellow you must think me, Robin!"

Half laughing, half angry, she shook his arm and said:

"Much good I have done by my lecture! I do believe you have only listened to the words, 'the silly child is half in love with you.' Well, you may go now. I see Adam Bede in your pocket, so I know where you are going."

Robina dropped her brother's arm and turned away quickly; but he saw tears glistening in her bright eyes.

Frank stood and watched her agile, graceful figure, clad in white and scarlet, disappear in the green recesses of the Chase, and then resumed his walk.

Every step brought him nearer to the clanging of iron, the noise of the engine, and the hum of many voices, until at length he paused on the edge of a steep cutting and looked down with an expression of strong disfavor at the workmen below.

The ground rose here, and the cutting was about twenty feet deep. Frank strolled along the edge for some time, contrasting in his mind the noise and turmoil beneath with the calm peace of the country about him.

A little farther on he came within sight of a cottage which was almost covered with ivy, save the porch, on which bloomed masses of monthly roses. There was no gate or fencing about this tiny abode; it seemed to be set down haphazard in this clear space in the centre of the wood. Just outside the porch, as sweet and fair as any of the roses about her, sat Julia Power, the overseer's daughter. She did not hear the young man's footstep on the soft, elastic turf. Her eyes were fixed upon an open book, and her head rested against the wooden back o' the garden seat. She seemed altogether absorbed in what she was reading, and it was not until Frank Clitheroe's shadow fell across the page that she started up with a faint cry.

"Why, Ju," he said, smiling, "you are frightened!"

She let the volume fall to the ground, and, putting her hands behind her back, stood looking at him—a tall, slender, blue-eyed, girlish figure, with a face to win any man's heart, as modest and good as it was beautiful.

She was alarmed, he could see plainly; her breath was coming and going in quick gasps, her lips were parted, and her large brown eyes looked as shy and startled as the eyes of a captured fawn.

"You—you came so suddenly," she replied.

"Did I? Well, now that I am here, won't you shake hands with me?"

"I—I can't; I ought not to talk to you at all. I promised not to do so."

"Has my sister been interfering?" The young man's voice shook with anger, and he frowned as he put the question.

"Oh, no!" cried the girl earnestly. "She only came to ask me to sing in the choir on Sunday, and talked to me a little about the book I was reading; she did not say anything about you."

"To whom then, have you made a promise not to shake hands with me?"

Julia's brown head dropped for a moment, and she did not answer; then she said slowly—

"My father and my cousin Dennis."

"Your cousin Dennis! Oh, that sulky-looking young man I have seen with your father! And so your cousin Dennis objects to our friendship?"

"He saw me," she replied, tears glistening in her eyes, "walking with you in the Chase, and he was very angry. He said that I am not your equal, because I am only a poor girl; and my motherless girl——" She stopped, unable to restrain her tears, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"So! What a storm in a tea cup!" said Frank lightly, although there was a look of vexation in his gray eyes. "I dare say cousin Dennis himself wants to walk with you in the Chase."

She shook her head and continued.

"Father also spoke to me. He said I ought to know better than to walk with a gentleman—one not in my own position; so I promised."

"Well, you shall keep your promise," he replied, laughing. "This is not shaking hands;" and he caught her in his arms, and, before she could prevent him, kissed her on the cheeks.

Although the salute was given more in jest than earnest, and he held the slender little creature against his heart only for a moment, yet he knew that this was no mere pleasant episode in an idle summer, but that he loved this lowly born girl with all the strength of his affectionate nature, and that she was the "one woman" in the world for him.

Flushed and panting, Julia broke from his embrace, and, leaning her bowed head against the porch door, burst into tears.

"My darling," exclaimed Frank, almost beside himself, "forgive me! I ought not to have kissed you; I know I had no right unless—trying to her turn face towards him—"you gave me permission, Julia."

"Oh," cried the girl, wrinkling away from him, and sobbing as she spoke, "my father was right! If I had been a lady, you would not have treated me so; but I am only a poor girl."

"Julia," broke in Frank reproachfully, taking her slender hands in his, "I am thoroughly ashamed of myself—I am indeed! My darling, if you will forgive me, I will never offend you so again—not until you tell me that you love me and will be my wife! Will you, Ju? Say 'Yes,' and make me the happiest fellow in the world!"

The young Squire had his arm about her waist before he was half-way through this slightly incoherent speech—for Frank was a bold wooer and he knew that he was not wooing in vain.

"No, no," she murmured, while her brown head dropped against his shoulder and her little hand trembled in his; "I know now that you love me—would even make me your wife; but it cannot be. What would your friends—your equals—say if you set me among them as the mistress of Clitheroe Chase?"

"Do you love me, Julia?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, looking at him with shining truthful eyes, "I love you, and shal love you all my life—I am not ashamed to confess it."

"And do you think I am going to give you up when once you have assured me of that? Why, what a dastard I should be! I dare say our marriage will be a nine days' wonder, but I can face that, I think. Ah, child, is love so common a thing that it can be slighted and cast aside for a fancy class distinction? No! Believe me, it is only when honor is opposed to love that love must be flung from us, even if our very lives go with it."

His truthful words and manly tone touched her as the most passionate pleadings would not have done. She raised her eyes and said shyly—

"Then I am ready to become your wife if you wish it; but it occurs to me that to make it necessary and right for us to part, do not consider yourself bound to me."

"Nothing shall induce me to give you up, my promised wife!" said Frank solemnly, kissing her as he spoke; and now she did not object to his caresses.

The lovers strolled up and down the green turf in front of the cottage, and the setting sun shone down upon the roses, drawing out all their subtle sweetness. The diamond-shaped panes reflected the glittering rays like jewels set in a flowery wreath, and the sombre green of the trees seemed filled with birds that cooed and called to one another; and the lovers were so happy and all nature was so glowing and radiant about them that it seemed as though the passion and strife and sorrow of the workaday world were left behind for ever and could touch their hearts no more.

Frank was waiting to speak to the father of his betrothed, and, while he thus lingered, he told her what his plans for her future were, and received her unqualified approval of them.

They would not be married for a year, he said, and during that time she was to accomplish wonders. As soon as he had spoken to her father, he would go back to Clitheroe and tell his sister Robina. She would be a little angry at first perhaps, but she would soon see with his eyes, and take Julia away with her to the Parisian school where she herself had been finished.

"A year, or six months, say, will soon pass, yet; and then you will come back to me able to hold your own with any one; and we shall have a grand wedding at the Chase, to let the world see how proud I am of my beautiful wife."

So the lovers talked, and planned their future lives; and Julia's one little servant brought them tea in the porch, and they sat down beneath the roses and were foolishly and blissfully happy.

Frank Clitheroe found it a much harder task than he had expected to tell his sister the news that he had asked Julia Power to be his wife. He knew that Robina's passionate and exacting affection would be bitterly mortified at her having to give up the first place in his heart to any one, that the only thing which would reconcile her to the change would be his marrying some rich and noble girl whose dowry would clear the estate of the burdens left upon it by the late Squire, and who in birth and station should be equal to a Clitheroe of Clitheroe Chase. So, shrinking from inflicting pain upon the sister who loved him, and also feeling unwilling to expose his passionate romance to her keen, mocking wit, he idly watched the small clever face and brilliant eyes during dinner, and made no his mind to open the subject to her on the terrace the next morning.

He found her accordingly flitting up and down before a bank of scarlet geraniums, a little basket on her arm and a pair of big scissors in her hand. He thought she looked like some rare tropical bird, so rich and bright was her dress, so restless and quick were her movements. The girl was intensely fond of color, and always contrived to have a crimson, amber, or scarlet ribbon about her.

Certain though he was that she would dislike the idea of marrying a girl with no fortune and no position, still he was not prepared for the agony of rage and dismay with which Robina received his communication.

"You are mad," she cried vehemently, standing before him, her eyes flashing, her face ghastly pale—"you are simply mad, Frank, to think of such a thing! Do you know how poor we are? Do you know how I have to pinch and save in the house that we may hold our own among the other families in the county? Why, if you married a lady—one in your own sphere—without a fortune, it would be almost ruin; but this——"

"Well, Robin, can't you get rid of some of the crowd of servants?" suggested Frank.

"They are not all wanted now that we are living so quietly, I am sure."

"No, I won't! I won't have people saying that we are pinching to pay poor papa's debts, and that he burdened the estate! I have some respect for his memory, although you seem to have none, when you can think of making that common girl mistress of Clitheroe!"

"Robin," said Frank, his face flushing, "I will not listen to such words, even from you! You know how hard I have worked and am working so that no hint of my father's debts may get abroad—you know how steadily I am paying them out of year by year."

"I do," interrupted Robina, earnestly. "I know that you are all that is good and honorable. You stay here with no companions and no amusements when you might have gone to Scotland with Lord Massey's shooting party or to Norway in General Hunt's yacht; you farm the land and deny yourself all pleasures to pay our father's debts. Oh, I have honored and admired you beyond words—until now!"

She stopped and turned away her head. A voice was whispering within her that surely he was behaving well and honorably now also. Here was her brother openly avowing his affection for a girl of lowly birth, and announcing his intention of marrying her, because he loved her, in the face of the whole world.

Ashamed of these thoughts forced themselves upon her Robina thrilled with admiration. Frank saw the relenting look in her face, and, taking her hand in his, said earnestly:

"Robin dear, of course this is a disappointment to you. I know you would think a princess hardly good enough for your unworthy brother; but, you see, I love Julia with all my heart, and the child has plighted her troth to me; and should I, solely on the ground of difference in rank, give up that ransom and boon of earth's blessings, a pure and true love, and so spoil both our lives?"

Robina was silent, but her face was hardening and her lip beginning to curl. Frank went on, not noticing these signs.

"I want you to come with me, Robin, and see her; and I want you to arrange about taking her to Madame Veve's for a year. She is quite willing—indeed anxious—to go, and her father approves of it. You know she will be criticised when she is my wife."

This was an unfortunate speech. It raised all Robina's pride of education and of birth—it even brought to her mind poor Julia's mispronunciation of a French word.

"Never, Frank—never!" she exclaimed, violently disengaging her hand. "What—I—Clitheroe—take this common, low creature to Madame Veve's to be turned into a lady—tell my old teacher that my brother is going to make a *mesalliance*, and that I am helping him! Oh, never, never!"

"Very well, Robin," said Frank, deeply mortified at the result of his appeal. "I looked to you naturally for assistance; if you refuse it, I shall only have to seek it elsewhere. You cannot shake my resolution."

"No," she replied, speaking slowly and with intense bitterness; "I suppose not. I am your only sister; I love you. The love that other women give their husbands or their children I have given to you; for five years I have been mistress of your home; and now you will depose me, not for some lady who would be a fitting friend and welcome sister to me, but for a girl hardly on a level with my maid! Oh"—with sudden vehemence—"it is an insult to me and to the memory of our parents, and I will oppose you with all my strength!"

She rushed past him as she finished speaking, and walked rapidly towards the house; but before she had gone far he saw her take out her handkerchief and hold it against her face.

He felt bitterly every one of the words she had said to him; for he knew that she loved him dearly, and that she suffered as much in saying them as he did in hearing them. But his allegiance to the young girl whose heart he had won was not shaken for a moment; and he immediately began considering what steps he should take next in order to get her properly chaperoned by his relatives.

(To be Continued.)

The Near-Sighted German and the Our Cigar.

"A-ha! somesing about dot Poulonger fighd!"

"Chimeney! dot vos preddy goot fer dot Flo quet, shdickin' him in der t'roat, unt'"—

(discovering the hole which his cigar had burnt into the paper)—"Yonst der mosd inderesdin blace too, by tam!"—*Judge.*

A Modified Rescue.

Clawsby has had his clothes stolen, and after hiding behind a rock for two hours hears the friendly footsteps.

Goldberger—Puy some gollar-puttons, my vrent; I sells dem sheap.—*Judge.*

A Shantytown Aristocrat.

Mrs. O'Hagan—A bill for Misther O'Hagan, is it? Well, yes can't see him this afternoon. He is takin' his siestah on the roof-garden, d'ye mind.

The Name Still Sticks.

After gazing out upon the river from the ferry dock for a while he sidled up to an old friend of mine who was leaning against the rail and asked—

"How far is it down to Lake Erie?"

"Eighteen miles."

"Why did they call it Lake Erie?"

"It was named after a man named Erie, who never came down to this dock without asking us if we'd have a glass of beer with him. Ah! he was a fine man. He's dead now."

"And if a man named Jones came along and asked all of you to drink you'd change the name to Lake Jones, I suppose?"

"We would, sir."

"Very well, captain. My name is Black, but I'll see Jones in a few days and speak to him about it. Meantime, try and get along on water. How long is this river?"

But the captain wouldn't answer.

It is a Weary World.

"Whew!" sighed the umbrella, "how I suffer! I am worn to a skeleton, and have had four of my ribs broken for a week."

"Go to!" retorted the hat. "You suffer! Why, every night of my life is spent upon the rack."—*Judge.*

Business Logic.

Editor (to stranger)—We have all the manuscript we can find room for for the next six years, every page of which is furnished by the leading thinkers, essayists, historians, philosophers, journal——

Stranger—But this is a page advertisement for mother of-pearl soft soap.

Editor—Ah, I see. Take a seat on the sofa, sir. We will try and find room for your article by killing an essay or two.

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Three Pellets of Bread.

Paul C——was a "jolly good fellow," so everyone said. Thirty years old, perhaps, a Parisian in every sense of the word, with that courageous nature, lively and a little inclined to teasing, that is the characteristic of the children of Paris. Nevertheless, he had an excellent heart, and was ready to throw himself into the fire if necessary for the very one whom an instant before he had made the target for his jests.

It was at R——, that pretty little neighboring city to Pay, that Paul found himself one morning for pleasure, and the drinking of certain healthful waters, for R——, as everyone knows, is a charming summer resort, and filled, during the summer at least, with a crowd of guests. Paul and his friend, Edouard Duchesne, were at the same hotel, and took their meals together at the *Table d'hote*, where they had for a neighbor in front of them an Englishman known to be very rich and very eccentric, and whose life, they said, was but a series of endless journeyings around the world.

If Paul betrayed himself a Parisian in every act and feature, so did the stranger betray the nativity of his melancholy country. Short of stature and fat, the face broad and ruddy, the skull bald and shining, the beard blonde, the eyes blue as cornflowers, he was just the most perfect type of an Englishman that it is possible to imagine. More than once Paul caught himself smiling at the impassible visage of Sir Arthur Jacobson, for such was this stranger's name. This evening, then, when the events occurred that I am going to tell you of, and, by the way, the evening of departure of the two young men, as the dinner was drawing to a close, exhilarated doubtless by the champagne they had taken, Paul amused himself while talking to Edouard in rolling balls of bread crumbs and launching them between thumb and finger, as school children launch balls of paper, at his neighbor, the Englishman. It was a thoughtless, not to say rude, exhibition on the part of Paul, but then Paul was not quite himself, and the temptation was for the moment irresistible.

As the first pellet struck the arm of Sir Arthur Jacobson, he slowly turned his clear eyes upon Paul and his companion, but his broad physiognomy lost nothing of its habitual placidity. One would have supposed even that he had seen and comprehended nothing, had it not been for the fact that, with an air of the utmost indifference and phlegm, he lifted the morsel of bread crumb and slipped it into the pocket of his vest, still, however, without uttering a syllable.

The bearing of this man was well calculated to excite the teasing humor of the Parisian, and scarcely a moment had elapsed since the launching of the first pellet when a second followed it, and taking the same direction as the first, went to flatten itself upon his shoulder, and, like the other, to travel the road to Sir Arthur's pocket. Angered a little by this systematic imperviousness, and certainly for the time being blind to the insult and inconvenience that such pleasantry had for its object, Paul believed it his duty to repeat his pellet for the third time. It struck his *vis-a-vis* upon the forehead immediately between the eyebrows. And still he received it with neither a movement nor a sign, though the waiters at the table could scarcely repress their hilarity on seeing him, with the same stoical gravity, lift his hand, remove it, and send it to join its comrades in his pocket.

This amusement, in bad taste as you are bound to admit, had lasted long enough, and as the guests were quitting the table Sir Arthur rose and followed their example, and Paul and his friend, their heads decidedly heavy with wine, got up in turn and went to smoke a cigar on the terrace. Hardly, however, had they made their appearance there than Paul found himself confronted by his recent victim, who regarded him full in the face and in excellent French stated that he desired to speak to him for a moment.

"You must certainly understand, monsieur," said he, "that the play to which you delivered yourself a while ago constitutes a serious affront, of which I demand the reason. Moreover, as a gallant man you also see that you must accord me, without my forcing it, the reparation that is my right."

"Precisely, my lord; I see, and I am at your service."

"To-morrow morning, then, monsieur, at five o'clock, behind the park."

"The conditions?"

"Pistols—thirty paces—*au vise*. In an hour my seconds will wait upon yours. I have the honor, monsieur, to salute you."

"Which proves once more, my dear Paul," said Edouard, when the stranger had turned on his heel, "that it does not do to trust to appearance. Who would have suppose d that devil of a little man so touchy on a point of honor? He takes the thing, in my opinion, too seriously."

"Eh, par Dieu, he has reason," replied Paul, in whose brain the freshness of the air had brought about a salutary reaction. "I have committed a serious and an offensive stupidity; it is just that I take the consequences. But a truce to words; come with me to the house of M. D——, whom I know slightly and whom I shall ask to be my second witness."

Promptly at the hour appointed next morning Paul and his seconds and Sir Arthur Jacobson and his seconds arrived at the spot indicated behind the park. Paul was a commercial man, peacefully inclined, and nothing of a sportsman, but, in default of knowledge of the duelling code and of practice, possessed the natural and inherent courage of a brave heart, which enabled him under the present circumstances to worthily sustain his part.

The seconds meanwhile had measured the ground, charged the pistols and placed the principals. As they were about to give the word the Englishman checked them.

"A moment, if you please, messieurs!" and he drew from his pocket a tiny white pellet and extended it to Paul.

"With this, monsieur," said he, "remember that you struck me here," and, tossing the pellet to the ground, Sir Arthur designated with his finger the outer part of his right arm. A minute later two reports were heard, and Paul staggered, his right arm pierced by a ball.

The wound was serious, though not dangerous, and, with care and nursing, three weeks from the meeting behind the park Paul was as good as well again. Sir Arthur had come to inquire for him daily, and Edouard Duchesne, tranquillized by the condition of his friend had long since returned to Paris; and soon Paul was able to go without carrying his arm in a sling.

But scarcely had he gone a hundred yards beyond the hotel when he found himself face to face with the Englishman.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said he, approaching Paul; "but now that you are recovered I must recall to you that the reparation you have accorded me is not the only one that you owe me. I have waited until to-day, but I have by no means renounced my rights. I have only desired that you should be in a condition physically to permit you to fight anew."

"Very well, sir, count upon me," replied Paul, who felt born within him a sudden anger at the cold persistency with which this man pursued his vengeance. Too much of a Parisian to feel rancour himself at an injury so trifling, Sir Arthur's stubbornness put him in a fury.

The next morning, then, a new encounter took place under the same conditions as the other; the witnesses were also the same, with the exception of a young physician and friend of Paul's, who had taken the place of Edouard Duchesne. As upon the former occasion, when the adversaries stood in position and the word was about to be given, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a second pellet like the first, and, showing it to Paul, repeated the formula:

"With this, monsieur, remember that you stuck me here," and he laid his hand upon his left shoulder. A moment later two reports came simultaneously, the branch of acacia above the Englishman's head shook slightly, cut by Paul's ball, and Paul lay inert upon the ground, his shoulder ploughed and bloody. This time the wound was decidedly serious. Carried nearly senseless to his chamber, Paul, as soon as he could speak after the agony caused by the dressing of the wound had passed, insisted to his doctor that he must be taken to Puy, to the house of a sister who resided there.

The transit was not difficult, and, deeming it best to gratify his desire, the doctor consented and arranged accordingly, and that same evening, accompanied by his physician and second, who refused to leave him, Paul was placed in the care of Martha, his sister, whose distress at his condition you can readily imagine. The cause of the trouble, however, Paul wisely kept to himself. "It was an accident received when riding," was all he told her.

The fever that the doctor had foreseen with this wound soon made its appearance, and, aggravated by the difficulty of extracting the ball and the short journey from R——, speedily ran into delirium and complications of other kinds. In short, though the cure of the patient was positively promised by the doctor, it would be a long and tedious process, "six weeks certainly, perhaps a little longer."

Mdme. Martha, reassured by the doctor's confidence, decided to take advantage of the occasion to impress upon her brother the excellent qualities of a certain young woman whom for a long while she had intended as his future wife. Jeanne and her mother, then, had been called upon in hot haste, and that same day installed by this shrewd tactician, ostensibly to assist and relieve her by the pillow of the wounded.

For a long time the fever and delirium continued, but at last ceased, and when Paul entered into the dreamy and peaceful state of convalescence his eyes rested always upon the fresh and charming face of this young girl who had voluntarily and for many days past been his *garde malade*. He recalled the thousand-and-one cares of which he had been the recipient, and of which he had taken count but vaguely in the weakness of body and brain produced by serious illness. A strange, sweet emotion invaded his heart. He extended his hand to Jeanne, who smiled and gave him her own with charming grace and gentleness.

From this on the cure proceeded rapidly. "The day was near," said the doctor, "when the invalid would be able to leave his room." And gradually, as strength returned to his feeble body, love increased in his heart; and the tender, unaccustomed sentiment, combined with the warm sun of April, contributed not a little to hasten complete recovery.

Strange as it may seem, though instances are not rare where the force of a true affection overpowers and effaces all memory of the causes that have given it birth, Paul at this point was so absorbed in his dream that he had absolutely forgotten the events that had furnished the motive of his descent upon Puy, when an incident occurred that brusquely recalled him to reality.

"Do you know, Paul," said Martha to him one morning—"I have forgotten to tell you of it before—that a gentleman has been here regularly every day to ask for news of you?"

"A gentleman! Oh yes," replied Paul, whose cheeks had a flushed a little; "yes, Sir Arthur Jacobson, was it not?"

"That was the name," said Martha, adding inquiringly, "a friend of yours, perhaps?"

"Yes, a friend—" with a bitter smile. "I must see him soon. To-morrow I shall be able to leave the house, and it shall be my first visit."

At a flash Paul had comprehended the immensity of the peril that awaited him—that he had returned to life again simply that his enemy should take it from him. Yes, those two first encounters were truly insignificant, though showing him what he had to expect; the third one was inevitable death. The pellet of bread, the third one—he remembered it well—had struck immediately in the centre of the brow. Death! when love sang in his heart and the future smiled before him, filled with the sweetest promises! It was, indeed, too much, and the vindictiveness, Paul told himself, of a brute rather than a man.

Blind fury took possession of him towards this ferocious adversary, who allowed him to take breath only to strike him down the surer. This time it should be a duel to death between them, but one—and Paul prayed for it devoutly—where consciousness of right would put in the hand of the feeble a superior force that would lead to victory.

The next morning, bright and early, still feverish with anger burning in his heart, but very resolute not to wait till the peril came to seek him, so eager was he to finish it, Paul sallied out alone, certain of encountering him whom he sought. Nor were his expectations disappointed, for at the end of the street on which he lived he perceived Sir Arthur coming, as usual, to inform himself of his victim's progress. Paul did not give him time to speak.

"I know, monsieur, he said, "that you still await me; if I submit to this last reaction it is because I also have a desire to finish once for all with the cruelty of your pursuit, but I put a condition upon this final encounter—that it shall not take place until a month from to-day—that is to say, the morning after the day when I shall give my name and property to a young girl whom I love with all my heart, who loves me in return, and who will be my wife."

"You are going to be married, then?" said Sir Arthur, with an accent of interest and curiosity. "In that case I will wait; but, of course, under the circumstances," and he gazed at Paul fixedly, "you will permit me to assist at the nuptial benediction."

"Certainly," replied Paul, but very coldly; "I know of nothing to prevent it," and, bidding each other a courteous good morning, the two men parted.

One month later precisely the permit of the Maire and the benediction of the priest united Paul and Jeanne, the latter more beautiful than ever in her robes, and the chaste blushes that reddened her face. Paul also was very happy, despite the fact that his happiness was tinctured with secret sadness, and accepted with a proud and joyous smile the congratulations showered upon him at the door of the sacristy by the throng of guests. The last of the file was Sir Arthur Jacobson, who said to him in an undertone, as he slipped into his hand a tiny casket of chased gold and turned away:

"My present to you, Monsieur."

With the exception of the family and a few intimates, every one had now retired, and, profiting by a moment of solitude, Paul lifted the lid, to find—a pellet of yellowed bread, and dried up, but still the third one!

Paul comprehended at last—this present that Sir Arthur had given him was forgetfulness, condonement, life and happiness. It was no shame to his manhood that a tear of joy sparkled upon his lashes.

That same day Sir Arthur Jacobson left the country to return no more, and three years later died in Holland, leaving to Paul—"a man," so the will read, "brave enough to face the consequences of a momentary indiscretion"—a fortune that amounted to more than two million dollars.

The song, I Am Weary To-night, Love, without You, was composed by a man whose wife had left him to take care of the children while she went to the theater with one of the neighbors.

How He Discharged His Cook.
(A Dream—nothing but a Dream.)

After long suffering he concludes that he must discharge his cook, and the first five pictures show the way he thought he would do it, and the last picture shows the way he did do it.—*Scribners.*

It's Salty.

It's funny, but you can depend on it every time an old chap from the interior strikes the beach and does bathing suit he wades out in a gingerly fashion—gets bolder at the sight of the others around him, and finally marches forth to meet a roller. He sees the others jump them, and he draws a long breath, gets his legs under him, and springs just in time to be caught and turned end over end and plowed along the sand into shallow water. He gets up indignant and astonished. He chokes and gasps and coughs, and as soon as he can free his eyes he looks around for the old woman. She stands at the edge of the water and calls:

"What is it, pa—what's the matter?"

And ninety-nine times out of a hundred his reply is:

"Matter? Why, the darn thing has been salted."

When one came ashore the other day after receiving a "swat" in the stomach from the pitch of a wave, I heard him say to his wife:

"Say, Mary, the intention was to kill me deader'n a herring, and I don't go back there without some kind of security."

A Muddy Day.

Guest—Say, Misto Willyums, would you oblige me by puttin' one ob your dash-boa'd befo' me—dis mud is somp'in' dreadful.

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VOL. I] TORONTO, SEPT. 15, 1888. [NO. 42

Poverty.

The general impression regarding poverty is that of one being in a state of "hard uppishness." If dollars and cents are only to be taken into consideration, such an impression is not far removed from the truth. An old citizen of Toronto—Wm. Gooderham, sr.,—used to say that no man is poor who has the free use of his limbs, for the man with health and strength can always support himself, and the man who can do this, need never know poverty.

But there is also the poverty of intellect, of morals, of all those qualities which tend to make a man beloved of his kind, and assuredly this is the most hopeless poverty. A straitened purse is very often but a comparative trouble. It is surprising on how little we can live when we are fairly put to the test. The settlers in Muskoka are, or used to be, generally poor, and, for many months in the year, seldom have the handling of money. Yet they used to be a singularly contented people, and why? Because, with them, envy had not been aroused by daily contact with superior wealth and social comforts. There, all men were equally rich, or rather, were equally poor, no man being much better off than his neighbors. And who shall say that such poverty is not infinitely preferable to the experience of him who, though wealthy it may be in purse, is a pauper in everything else—in generous feeling, in kindly sympathy for his fellow man, who is lacking in the love of children, whose only god is self, and the accumulation of riches? Such an one sinks his all in one venture—riches, and when the latter takes to itself wings, he is left poor indeed.

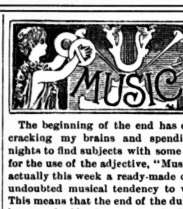
Keeping Up Appearances.

We are all familiar more or less with the misery of keeping up appearances when heart and purse are failing. Amongst the numerous victims of this social disorder is the well nigh ruined Crœsus, who, weaned in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to move amongst the salt of the earth, finds it hard indeed to hold his own with the circle which he has known. His shrunken purse still contains, it may be, the wherewithal to support life, but only under meaner conditions than before. Liberal habits contracted in the earlier years of plenty, and the natural clinging of human nature to the easy-going ways of the past are potent factors in preventing him from adapting his ways to his altered means, and thus the daily struggle to keep up appearances is inaugurated.

His daughters, who, it must be confessed, are bright, clever girls, have received what is commonly called a superior education, which is altogether valueless in the narrower surroundings to which unfortuitous circumstances have brought them. Honorable toil is too often considered a degradation. To add to their perplexities, wealthy and fashionable acquaintances continue to call upon them, and invitations to social gatherings are well nigh as plentiful as ever, but alas! none know so well as these poor girls the shifts and privations to which they are subjected in order to accept the proffered kindness of well meaning friends.

It is easy for us to say that such should adapt themselves to the altered condition of things. Of course they should, and equally of course, in the ordinary run of events they cling to the memories of their earlier life and the ways of the past. The wretched snobbery of social life operates with deadly effect in thwarting any real effort to throw off the yoke which lies so heavily upon their young lives. Better, far better, would it have been, had circumstances left them entirely penniless, for then that necessity which knows no law, social or otherwise, would have compelled them to pursue some vocation in order to keep body and soul together. But the scanty pittance which has been saved from the wreck of the past stands between them and happiness. Possessing this, the mere cravings of hunger and the common wants of life are satisfied, and this done, sponging and companion meanneses are the ways and means to which resort is necessarily made in order to keep up appearances. Gifts of clothing and an occasional (very occasional) well-filled hamper from wealthy relatives supplement the narrow income which, we may be sure, has already been taxed to the uttermost. Invitations to accept the hospitality of friends in distant places are accepted with alacrity, and such visits are too often lengthened until the verge of decency has long been passed.

Could the dictates of sober sense be listened to, and false shame cast out as a foul invader of the home, contentment and a sober happiness might yet be within the grasp of these people. It is hard, doubtless, for girls of gentle nurture to serve at the counter of a store whose proprietors have obsequiously bowed them to the door in bygone years. But a position behind the counter is not the only opening offered nowadays. Hospital work, type writing, the telephone system, hand painting (slightly overdone, it must be admitted, at present), medicine, and even the ranks of the Fourth Estate are now open to striving womanhood. And with such a choice before our girls, there is little necessity for the misery of "Keeping up appearances."



The beginning of the end has come. After cracking my brains and spending sleepless nights to find subjects with some justification for the use of the adjective, "Musical," I have actually this week a ready-made occurrence of undoubted musical tendency to write about! This means that the end of the dull season has begun. On Monday evening the Toronto Opera House opened a fortnight of comic opera, the Kimball Opera Company being the perpetrators of the aforesaid amusement. The opera was Strauss' charming Queen's Lace Handkerchief, and the first criticism that is uttered at the end of the first act, when the *jeunesse doree* goes out to smoke a cigarette is: "Isn't the chorus jolly?"

•

Well, the chorus *is* jolly. It is young, wherein it is remarkable; it is good-looking, ditto, ditto; it sings, wherein again ditto, ditto; and it is graceful, wherein once more ditto, ditto. The fancy marching in the last act is one of the strong features of the performance, and calls forth salvos of applause at each production. Blanche Chapman as Donna Irene, and Hattie Arnold as the Marchioness, are the life of the opera on the ladies' side, while Ed. Chapman as Sancho, and George Carr as the doughty Minister of War, contribute liberally to the masculine quota of fun. The other characters are fairly well taken, though a little better singing ability would not be objected to when offered as a characteristic of the more serious parts. Still this company offers us a most amusing performance, of which I can say that I hope the performances of Prince Methusalem, the Princess of Trebizonde and the Mikado will be as good.

•

The concert season looms up quite portentously. On November 2, the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club will give a concert, this company comprises: Mr. Willis Nowell, violin, Herr Charles Palm, violin; Herr Richard Stoelzer, viola d'amour; Mons. Adolph Burose, flute; Herr Josef Bechel, double bass; Herr Philip Roth, violin cello, and Miss Elsa Clark Cushing, soprano, the whole under the management of the veteran Max Bachert. On November 23, a rich treat will be given by a company comprising Miss Emma Juch, soprano; Miss Hope Glenn, contralto; Mr. Leopold Lichtenbog, violinist, and Mme. Carreno, pianist; and on December 4, we shall have the Musin Concert Company, when this most pleasing violinist will be assisted by Miss Annie Louise Tanner, soprano; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist.

•

The Philharmonic Society has gone into its new quarters in the Victoria Hall, and held its first rehearsal on Tuesday evening, when there was a good attendance and when the first part of Samson was gone through. METRONOME.

Ivan Serge Maskoffinrich.

He wrote a thousand poems to the Czar
With loyalty intense and ardent rhyme,
He likened him unto the sun, star,
And called his person godlike and sublime.

He praised his mighty genius and his will,
To land his angel-eyes he made a point,
And got off twenty pages with great skill,
To glorify his nob a second joint.

For this the Czar in dismal frenzy cried,
"He shall no more write verses in my lands,"
And so the poet was dragged out and tied
While the court jailer cut off both his hands.

But he, tho' balked, was still by this untamed,
And finding mutilation quite a bore,
He hired a man who was not much ashamed,
And he dictated fifty poems more.

Then the fierce Czar rose on his Royal Ear,
And with a Nijni yell, a Moscow shout,
Ordered his serfs his hapless tongue to shear,
And had him flayed for two weeks with a knout.

The luckless wight then sought his hut's repose,
And there his many wounds began to heal,
And soon he managed with his agile toes,
To write another volume with great zeal.

The Czar grew blue about his princely gills
When this he heard, and bade his doctors flee
To find the hard and drug him with foul pills,
And carve his feet off right above the knee.

Then the poor poet, weakened by such blows,
Bought with his kopecks simply to begin,
Ten alphabets of wooden blocks in rows,
And felt the upraised letters with his chin.

These he could choose and make his serf obey,
And place them nicely till the word was clear
And, by this sweet expedient every day
He wrote, say 70,000 lines a year.

And when the awful Czar heard this, the shock
Made his Imperial forehead anger-black,
And so he had him booted off a dock,
With three brass cannon strapped upon his back.

C. JONES.

Not an Agreeable Topic.

A Chinaman disliches to say that his friend is dead, but will tell you that "his name has been added to the muster roll of ghosts," or that "he has become one of the ancients." "He has returned to the shades," "he has taken farewell of the world," "he has gone a long journey," are expressions all very frequently used when speaking of the dead. The matter is not always treated with reverence, however, for they will sometimes say: "He has swallowed his breath," or "slipped his skin." "The mountain has collapsed," refers to a dead emperor, and "the dream is over," means that a prince is dead.

Theory of Mind Reading.

The English Society for Psychical Research does not hesitate to accept the theory called telepathy as an approved and demonstrated fact. It is unanimously accepted as the simplest method of explaining a great many psychological phenomena. Brushing away a vast amount of fraud, these men of science do not hesitate to say that it is demonstrable that mind can act directly on mind, apart from such organic communication as is furnished by the body.

W. J. Scanlan has been the attraction during the week at the Grand. During the first three nights Shane-na-Lawn was presented—a play which is fairly well known to Toronto theatergoers. Scanlan is as popular as ever, and has the additional advantage of being well supported by his company. For the first time, on Tuesday night, after many visits to our Toronto theaters, I saw the concrete evidence of a careful attention to matters of detail which, as a general rule, our players are in the habit of treating with undisguised contempt. Mr. Thaddeus Shine, as the cut throat Ronald, presented a "get up" which was simply the most effective one I have seen for some time. The brutal and ruffianly animalism of this character was admirably portrayed, and the natural manner in which Mr. Shine drains his horn of mountain dew in the cave of Moll Shehouge is a lesson to more ambitious actors. Miss Stella Teuton, as Rose Redmond, was charmingly natural, and won the sympathies of the audience from beginning to end. A very pretty bit of by-play were the numerous love-tiffs that took place between Scanlan as Shane-na-Lawn and his "colleen," Peggy O'Moore (Mattie Ferguson), the arch humor of the latter as well as the former, was well-nigh irresistible. Mr. Edward R. Marsden is a pleasing actor, and I liked him, but I am bound to confess that his nose is against him. It is an aggressive nose, one whose commanding appearance is more suited to the camp than a lady's bower. In the character of Cromwell it would achieve an instantaneous success, but as a lover—well, I think that Mr. Marsden and Mr. Ransome should exchange *roles*.

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Shane-na-Lawn is evidently written to bring out the Irish comedianism of Mr. Scanlan. The plot is purely a secondary consideration, in fact I am not yet quite persuaded that there is one, at any rate there is nothing new or particularly striking in it. The families of the Powers and the Redmonds are at feud with each other. This being the case, naturally the son of the Powers and the daughter of the Redmonds love each other. Parents and relatives on both sides object. The court of true love notes the objection and over-rules it. There is a rival of course, and equally of course he is a "villyun," but virtue and right keep a watchful gaze upon him and he is gloriously tripped in the last act, after placing the suspicion of murder on his rival, who is enabled to prove his innocence, and who finally rejoices in seeing the parents of himself and his love on terms of amity with each other. Mr. Scanlan's songs were, of course, a strong feature of the evening, and it may be safely affirmed that as yet not a single cloud has risen to mar the fair zenith of his fame as a first-class Irish comedian.

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The ever-welcome Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are billed at the Grand for next week.

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The Kimball Opera Company presented the Queen's Lace Handkerchief at the Toronto Opera House the first three nights of this week to good business. The scene of the opera is laid in Spain, and the leading man, moreover, is a poet and bears the familiar name of Cervantes. The plot is not very interesting, but there is sufficient humor scattered through it here and there to relieve it of dulness. The singers were heartily applauded, and the contortions of Sancho, the king's tutor, and his Majesty's Ministers kept the audience amused. The costumes were very pretty, as were also the chorus girls.

NOTES.

A young dramatist attended the first performance of his new play, which suffered considerably through the indifferent acting of the villain of the plot.

"Console yourself," said his friend, "he kills himself in the fourth act!"

"Ah!" groaned the author, "and he murders me in the first!"

There is a good story going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of Kroll's Opera House, Berlin. He asked two of his stars, Nachbaur and Reichmann, into his sanctum, and invited them to mention their conditions for a new engagement.

"Well," said Nachbaur, "you know my terms. Half the gross receipts."

"I also," said Reichmann, "I cannot take less than half the gross."

"Gentlemen," gravely replied J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept, will you occasionally let me have a free ticket? I should like to be able to enter my own theater."

A New York critic says: "I think the system pursued in the French theaters of the first class, when purely dramatic pieces occupy the stage, is much better than ours. In France the piece is played as it would pass in real life. In America and England it is accompanied by a continued stream of instrumental music, more or less appropriate according to the talent of the musical director, who frequently selects the strains from printed books supplied at all the music stores. This music is supposed to intensify the effect of the scene, and doubtless, in certain strained and romantic situations a low trembling of fiddles may lend a glamour to the effect, not altogether inappropriate, but in legitimate plays, and above all in comedies, it seems to me to be out of place and injurious to the true sense of the drama. This custom comes from the rage for melodrama so prevalent now-a-days. The public craves for lurid sunsets, impossible climaxes and highly colored situations, and music, like a tinted medium helps the illusion, but removes the already distorted dialogue still further away from common sense and probability, and is foreign to the purpose of playing."

Humorous Drift.

It would be well if some dreams were realities, and many more realities dreams.

"Come men's minds are never half blown; with their temperamets it is far otherwise.

The blonde is not in fashion, and the brunette has come again. Blondes must dye.

He—But ain't you afraid your parents will be angry if we get married. She—No; they won't care. Why, they are married, too!"

The difference between a veterinary surgeon and a horse doctor is not palpable to some people, but it becomes plain when the veterinary surgeon sends in his bill.

A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

Professor (looking at his watch)—As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any questions that any one may wish to ask. Student—What time is it, please?

Many a person has two distinct and different selves—one that promised and lied and one that believed the other. After a while they both lie to each other, and neither believes.

Hard Pressed—"If anybody was ever more pressed for time than I am I'd like to see him." "There's such a fellow on exhibition at the museum." "Who is he?" "An Egyptian mummy."

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sor." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

Wife—John, dear, what would you do if I were to die? Husband—Don't speak of such a thing. I would be desperate. Wife—Do you think you would marry again? Husband—Well, n—no; I don't think I'd be as desperate as all that.

An old widower says: "When you pop the question, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun."

"I say, pa, heard the news?" "No, my boy; what is it?" "Why, they aren't goin' to have the lamp-posts any longer!" "I am surprised! What is the reason?" 'Why, they're long enough now!"

A gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee, and then complain," said the landlady.

The genius who, in an unguarded moment, wrote: "Woman is God's best gift to man," never had to match three shades of worsted for his wife, who had sent down from her summer retreat for a few skeins "to finish a smoking cap for a friend."

Henry returns in triumph from the junior examination. "How did you get along, my son?" his doting parent enquires. "First-rate," answered Henry; "I answered all the questions." "Good! How did you answer them?" "I said I didn't know."

"What is the meaning of this great sorrow!" asked a late-comer at a parlor entertainment. "What is the audience weeping for?" Professor Bangs, the elocutionist," whispered the usher, as he wiped his eyes, "has just finished reciting a humorous poem."

"See here, my friend," said a farmer to a tramp, "you've been lyin' in the shade of that fence for over thirteen hours. Ain't it 'bout time to move on!" "If you say so," replied the tramp, struggling to his feet, "I s'pose it is. I'm only tryin' to make my shoes last as long as possible."

A flighty young lord, whose conquests in the female line were numberless, was married last year. Shortly after the event he met an old friend, a well-known countess, who remarked, "Well, I hope you will now mend." "Madame," he replied, "you may depend upon it; this is my last folly."

Consoling Promise.—"I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor; "but I can't leave home. I am a widow's only darling. No husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She is kind," pleaded the wooer; "but be my wife. We will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

There are as many ways to sell a milk-shake in Pittsburg as to skin a cat in Kerry. The law in that Pennsylvania city prohibits the sale of milk on Sunday, but permits it to be delivered on that day. The citizen, therefore, buys his milk shake on a week day and calls to have it delivered to him on Sunday. It is a pretty tight law that liquids won't run through.—*Chicago Times.*

Loud and angry disputes were of daily occurrence between Mr. Vamburg and his worthy spouse. This had been going on for years, when suddenly there was a calm, to the great surprise and relief of their neighbors. The other day a friend accosted him in the street. "Well, Paul, I hear you have given over quarrelling with your wife. Is that true?" "Perfectly true. We haven't spoken for the last two months."

His College Colors.

It is amusing to see a cigar store clerk who has never been at college, wearing his college colors when off on his eight days' vacation.

The Only Place.

Conductor (in crowded street-car)—Move up! Suffocating Passenger—Gracious!—Where?—On the roof?

Never, No Never.

She—Did you ever take a Turkish bath, Herr Baron?

Herr B. (proudly)—Neffer! Neffer, Mees! Nor any oder kind.

At the Theater.

Oldboy (to man who is standing up and obstructing his view of the stage)—Sit down, sir! You are opaque.

Stranger—No, sor; Oi'm O'Reilly.

Where He Had Been.

"Where have you been for a week back, Brannigan?"

"Been to the hospital, sorr. But how did yez know Oi had a weak back, sorr?"

Couldn't Say.

Mrs. Flysparrow (to new acquaintance)—You seem to be an inveterate lover of the weed, Mr. Nicotine. May I ask if your father smokes?

Mr. Nicotine—I trust not, madame. He has been dead some time.

A New Disease.

Amy—Why, dear, what's the matter?
Mamie—Got paralysis of the lips.
Amy—How did you get it?
Mamie—Kissing Charlie.
Amy—And where's Charlie?
Mamie—Dead!

A Reasonable Time.

You must give me time, George, to think it over. It is all so strange, so unexpected.

I will give you a year's time if you wish it. My love for you is great enough to bear that strain.

Oh, I don't want a year—give me five minutes.

A Moral Free Lunch.

Rev. Churchlaw—No, William, it is not too late for you to reform. Salvation is free to all.

Bill Lee—I suppose that's why you're a-givin' it to me, then.

De 'Sperience of de Reb'rend Quacko Strong

"Swing dat gate wide, 'Postle Peter,
Ring de big bell, beat de gong,
Saints and martyrs den will meet dar
Brudder Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"Sound dat bugle! Angel Gabrel!
Tell de elders loud and long,
Cl'ar out dem high seats of Heaben,
Here comes Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"Turn de guard out, Gin'ral Michael,
Arms present! de line along,
Let de band play Conk'rin Hero
For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"Joseph, march down wid your bred'ren,
Tribes an' banners musterin' strong;
Speech of welcome from ole Abram,
Answer—Reb rend Quacko Strong.

"Tune your harp-strings tight, King David,
Sing your good Ole Hundred song,
Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals,
'Round de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"Angels, hear me yell Hosanner,
Hear my dulcem speritool song;
Halleluyer! I'm a comin',
I, de Reb'rend Quacko Strong!

"Make dat white robe radder spacious,
An' de waist-belt 'xtender'ry long;
'Cause 'twill take some room in Glory
For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"What! no one at de landin'!
'Pears like suff'in' 'nudders wrong;
Guess I'll give dat sleepy Peter
Fits—from Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"What a narrer little gateway!
My! dat gate am hard to move.
'Who am dat?' says 'Postle Peter,
From de parapet above.

"Uncle Peter! Don't you know me—
Me a shinin' light so long?
Why, de berry niggers call me
Good ole Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"Dun 'no me—de shoutin' preacher,
Reg'lar hull hog Wesleyan, too;
Whar in de woods yo've bin a loafin'?
Some ole roosters boddered you,

"I reckon. Why, I've convarted
Hundreds o' darkies in a song,
Dun 'no me! An' yet, my masss,
I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

"Hark to dat ar' cur'us roarin',
Far away but rollin' nigher;
See de dreffle drajon flyin',
Head like night, and mout on fire.

"Tis de berry king of debbils,
An' he am rushin' right along;
Oh, dear Peter, please to open
To Class-leader Quacko Strong.

"Ole Nick's comin'; I can feel it
Gettin' warmer all about;
Oh! My good, kind Kurnel Peter,
Let me in; I'm all too stout

"To go 'long wid Major Satan
Into dat warm climate 'mong
Fire an' brimstone. Hear me knockin',
Ole Church-member Quacko Strong.

"Dat loud no'se am comin' nearer,
Drefful smell of powder—smoke;
'Nodder screech—good Heaben help me,
Lord forgib' dis poor ole moke!

"Allers was so berry holy,
Singin' an' prayin' extra long;
Now de debbil's gwine to catch me,
Poor ole nigger Quacko Strong.

"Hi! dat gate swing back a little,
Mighty squeezin' to get fro'!
Ole Apollyon howlin' louder,
Everything around am blue.

"Bang de gate goes! an' Beelzebub,
Bunch of wool upon his prong,
Goes along widout de soul of
Missbul sinner, name of Strong."

A Retrospect.

For Saturday Night.

Small and sweet, shy and neat,
White dimpled hands and dear little feet.

* * * * * *

I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Eighty-two.
We were eating,
Both of us,
And the meeting
Happened thus,
Accidental,
On the road—
Sentimental
Episode.
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing,
So was I.
I was smitten,
So were you—
All that's written
Here is true.
Any flurry?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows were plighted—
Happy pair.
How delighted
People were!
But your mother,
To be sure,
Thought it rather
Premature.
What a heaven
Vanished then!—
You were seven,
I was ten.

EVA.

Henceforth.

(A Lay.)

I was hatched in 1860, on an old Virginia farm,
Ah, I cannot recollect without a sigh,
When that awful war was raging, how my friends all came to harm,
And I only saved myself by roosting high.

When the cruel war was over, I was such a noble bird,
That I far surpassed in beauty all my mates;
I was sent to all the poultry shows and took, upon my word,
Thirty prizes in as many different plates.

But those fairy days are over; I have weakened year by year,
And I cackleate I'll be an angel soon;
For they've sold me to a butcher and my end is drawing near,
There is murder rife, and blood upon the moon.

Just a little while ago, a lovely lady called to say
She would like a tender chicken; and said he,
"Ma'am, I've got some extra nice ones; I will send one right away.
And his murderous eye was looking straight at me.

There he is! I see him coming with his hatchet in his hand;
To the great beauforth I'm going—Well, adieu!
There'll be no more wicked butchers in that bright and better land.
Wretch, I'm ready! Cut-cut—cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo.

The Exhibition is in full blast, our country cousins are in town, the addresses to the Governor-General have been duly burned and all is peace and contentment within our borders.

***

As predicted in this column last week, the report obtains that the famous letter written by Mr. George H. Douglass, of the gallant 24th Kent Infantry, will cause that gentleman to be most properly wigged by the authorities, not for its intrinsic merit, but simply on account of the absurdity of the sentiment which it was intended to convey. I don't care to be concerned in the crushing of a butterfly, nor do I desire to bear a hand in hitting a youngster who is down, and yet I cannot but feel it is well that a damper should be put on the effervescent heroes who seek to save their bleeding country through the columns of the press. It is true indeed that the cackling of a goose saved ancient Rome, and it is equally true that history repeats itself occasionally; but up to the hour of our going to press Canada is in little need of a cackler, and has, therefore, no use for the services of Mr. G. H. Douglass of the 24th Kent Infantry.

***

A worthy and reputable life indeed is that which is led by Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who lives in Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater. A nephew of the first Napoleon, during the last sixty years he has almost entirely dissociated himself from the splendid conditions under which he was born, and has gladly lived and labored as a simple student in comparative poverty. Prince Lucien may be considered as one of the great modern philologists. He has translated the Gospel of St. Matthew into no fewer than fifty different dialects, some of which are scarcely known to any other linguist; he is the chief authority on that most curious and difficult of languages, Basque, with all the varieties of which he is perfectly at home. In addition to all this he has partially compiled a magnificent dictionary of all the languages of Europe—a work which probably no other man is qualified to undertake. As a general linguist he has never been excelled unless it be by the renowned Cardinal Mezzofanti, who used to speak, *literally*, in *divers tongues*. The Prince as a philologist is the equal of Max Muller, and his life has been an equally useful one. Even a Bonaparte may be the servant of humanity.

***

The departure of K. Sehinman, owing $25,000, from Quebec for parts which are unknown, has brought some remarkably dirty linen to wash in the business and social circles of the ancient capital. Sehinman, as his name will imply, does not belong to any of the first families. But Sehinman, whilst following the calling of a clothier, was possessed of one handsome piece of furniture, a dashing French *Canadienne*, whom he called his wife. She is credited with being a lovely creature, an opinion which is evidently endorsed by several individuals moving in mercantile circles, who are moving heaven and earth to prevent their names from becoming public in this connection.

***

Sehinman's plan of operation was this: He introduced his wife (!) to the merchants from whom he bought his stock, and permitted, nay encouraged her to flirt with them to their heart's content. If they flirted, why she flirted—if they invited, she accepted such invitations with a smile that was bewitching in its sweet simplicity. In this way the merchants were easy with the cuckold husband, made him large sales on long credits, and were cheerfully willing to wait for payment from a man who possessed such a handsome and accommodating spouse. He enjoyed excellent credit, and money rolled up in the most satisfactory fashion. Then comes the burst, and Sehinman *non est*. So is the money of the liquorish mercantile Don Juans.

***

But the long line of the *Canadienne's* admirers has not been confined to the ranks of commerce; the bench, the bar, and financial circles are honorably represented, and altogether the details of this affair are of the description which is most savory.

***

The hideous murders committed by an undoubted maniac in the wretched purlieus of Spitalfield, London, England, has thrown all London into a state of horror, which is not lessened by the fact that the police haven't even the time-honored clue to the perpetrator. The murderer's crimes have in each of the four murders found a victim in the most unfortunate class of women, and it is almost beyond a doubt that the madman has vowed special vengeance against the women of this class. His identity is bound to be revealed before very long. The lust of murder when once roused is seldom entirely sated. The man-eating Bengal that has once tasted human blood cares for nothing else in comparison, and the four brutal murders committed by this human tiger have in all probability but whetted his appetite for blood, the gratification of which will certainly bring him to justice in the near future. In the meantime the *nymphes du pave* are conspicuous by their absence on the streets at night.

***

A Worthing (England) dry goods man advertises for a "consecrated christian lady, accepting full salvation," to sell his hosiery. There is, unhappily, any amount of this pious blasphemy connected with the dry goods trade in England, owing doubtless to the spiritual influence of spring and autumn novelties. Dry goods men, I had always thought, have devised a check system, which prevents erring salvationists from laying their sanctified hands on an employer's cash. I have yet to hear of the publican advertising for "a redeemed soul to assist in the bar," or for "a child of grace to do the cellar-work." ST. GEORGE.

What's Got Stanley?

For Saturday Night.

Where and what doing all this while, the valiant explorer of the Nile; the daring Yankee that bravely went into the Brunette Continent; under his banner's silver stars rising fevers and savage wars and countless perils by field and flood for name and fame and the great world's good? I hope fa'e has played him no scurvy prank, for if ere was a hero it was Hank, and I trust he has met no cruel hand but is safe preserved in that heathen land. But why don't he write or telephone to the anxious ones that he left at home? For verily Uncle Sam would fain hear from or welcome him back again.

Years ago, and years ago, into the mystical we don t-know went the doctor-parson all alone, the martyr-hero Livingstone; hither and thither wildly tossed, till by-and-bye the old doc got lost. Someone must find him sure, and then was the first appearance of Henry M. He knew the perils he'd have to meet, but thought of them never stayed his feet; savage nations and cannibal feasts, deadly serpents and hungry beasts, toil and trouble, and living harsh, the fever-plague in the sodden marsh; all of these he dared to face and never swerved nor checked his pace, except to rest and bite and sup, for all the horrors the land scared up, till he found his man and his work begun where ended the task of Scotland's son. They both had traveled many a mile, solving the mysteries of the Nile; they both had gone to the burning South and entered the fearsome river's mouth, unravelling wonders past belief, on and on in the very teeth of dangers that maybe would stop the breath of he who entered those jaws of death. Stanley went on until he learned the wonderful secret for which he burned; like other spirits, his spirit led first in at the mouth then went to the head; but he like the mail clad Marmion, to the very last said, "On, Stanley, on!" till he stood alone, the first white man to see how the wondrous Nile began, and had the conundrum riddled through and the weird black mystery plain in view, and the World stood agape in reverent awe when they learned what it was that Stanley saw, and I hope some day to be able to tell that his latest excursion ended as well.

But where is he now? Aye! there's the rub; fever stricken, or short of grub; poisoned in some malarious brake, stung by some venomous bug or snake, agued through thew, and bone, and marrow, plugged by some black barbarian's arrow, or maybe his life-blood ebbed away by a thrust from some murderous assegai. Knocked on the head by some wild Zulu, gorged at some cannibal barbecue, exploring the bottom of the Nile inside of some restless crocodile; killed by foul water he had drunk, packed away in an elephant's trunk; kicked into stripes by a zebra's wrath; taken down whole by a behemoth, or maybe lion, stiff as a spring, smashed by the paw of the desert king; perhapt just sampled horns too much with buffalo, 'rhino, eland, or such, or possibly, if the truth we gnu, 'e-landed on one horn instead of two, or got squeezed to death without a pang in the arms of some handsome she rang-a-tang, or maybe the fair one chanced to be a social belle of a chimpanzee? Each and all of these I ween are a few of the things that might have been, for an Afric explorer is apt to fall in a thousand ways—I can't mention all.

But remember, I don't believe he's dead, no matter what has been guessed or said; I fancy he's sound and safe from harm, a healthy explorer live and warm. No native runner could bring out news at random and Henry may not choose that the whole world should know about his fun and the things that he's been and gone and done. He may be having a bit of a lark and if so the natives would keep it dark. I'd want him and the natives both in

sight, to see for myself in black and white, before I'd believe these letters and tales delivered by the African males that reported Henry had ceased from war and stirring up the Interior.

He may have wearied of lonely life and taken an African maid for a wife, and the broad Nyanza may heave and ring with the name of "Stanley, the fair-skinned king," or he may be a chief among the braves with thousands of oxen and hundreds of slaves or enjoying a rest at the forest villa of some very distangue she-gorilla. Love is great and his chains are worn by the proudest heroes ever born, and Henry M. may have met his fate and be not so free in his own Free State; or he may be a prince at his royal ease and Congo and come as he dern please.

Again—and I hate to think of it—he *may* be quiled in that awful pit where "coon, an' possum, an' sweet pertaters, watermelon an' ripe termaters, catfish an' ham, an' de ole corn pone, hoe-cake an' lasses all done gone," along with, perchance, a missionary, ripe bananas and cassowary, "roastin' ears" and "ole bug juice" and pullets from "offen de naybor's roost"—fate *may* have willed it so, and he be mingled with the above debris awaiting the final horn to blow in an ebony casket as below.

If so, I grieve, but what can't be cured, must just be resignedly endured. The heart of his nation may bow in gloom, but we cannot pray o'er the hero's tomb. It can't be did, said tomb's too frisky, and might make the performance extremely risky, for perchance, ere our prayers were half way through, the tomb might wake up and "prey" some, too! If such indeed is the hero's grave, a peaceful rest to his spirit brave. No doubt he can wait till all is o'er, for he's oft been in a tight place before. But I mourn for the misguided African that made a meal of the Yankee man; for Henry M. could ne'er settle down like the average dweller in a town, for he loved the waste like his own roof-tree, the African waste especially, and he's bound to explore it to his taste, no matter if it's waste, or "waist," and an "Afric Interior's" just the ground where Stanley is apt to move around.

E. W. SANDYS.

A B-a-d Man.

He called himself Rattlesnake Bill, and he looked as if he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the justice before whom he was being tried.

"I don't try a man before the inquests are held, do you? Don't you take me around first to the undertaker's shop to identify the remains? That is what I have been accustomed to do in Colorado. I am always asked to identify my corpses."

"What remains? What inquests?" asked the Recorder.

"The mangled remains of the policeman who tried to arrest me," said the desperado.

"You are laboring under some hallucination, my friend," remarked the Recorder. "You didn't kill any policeman last night."

"Then he isn't dead yet. Take me to the hospital where his life is ebbing away. In Colorado I'm known as the Jumpin' Jimplecute that chews up railroad iron, an' they allers take me to the bedside of the dying policeman who has tried to arrest me, so that he can identify me as the cyclone that devastated him. Have you taken the ante-mortem of the policeman I partially destroyed last night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the justice. "You were arrested and brought to the lock-up by a little stick of a tailor who couldn't sleep on account of the racket you made."

"So, I was arrested by a civilian, was I? Oh, well, that's all right. At first I was afraid I had disgraced myself. I was afraid I had allowed a squad of policemen to take me. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. Civilians are beneath my resentment. It's officers of the law I'm after. When I want a fight I want some two or three policemen to tackle me as an inducement. It takes five able-bodied policemen to make it interesting enough for me to let myself out. I never fish for sardines."

He was fined.

Mr. Mitzenheimer in Search of a Hotel.

Mr. Mitzenheimer, of the firm of Mitzenheimer, Clapperhammer & Jacobstein, went to the mountains to spend his summer vacation. On his journey in quest of a cool region, he heard of a hotel that refused to entertain Jews.

"Mein Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed Mitzenheimer, in a tone of tumultuous wrath: "Ain't a Chew good as anybodys? Ain't a Chew a white mans? I vill go to dot hotel and stay dar uf it cost me my life."

Then Mitzenheimer sought out the accursed hotel, and asked for accommodations in a tone of imperial command.

"We will entertain you with great pleasure, and guarantee satisfaction," replied the urbane and courteous clerk.

"Ain't dis de place where dey don't hab Chews?"

"Oh, no! we have nothing but Jews here. No Gentiles allowed on the premises."

"Den I don't stay here uf you pay me fifty dollars a day. You reckon respegtable Chews goin' to be coobed up off to demselves like dey vas some inferior animals?"

Unlimited Cake and Pie.

Bobby was admiring the fat boy at the dime museum.

"Mamma," he said, "what a kind mother he must have!"

The Needful Thing.

Looker on—Now, I suppose what you need most in one of these long runs is pluck.

Professional Runner—No, mister; breath.

What Ailed the Horse.

Artist's Friend (after regarding the picture critically)—That's a peculiar looking picture that you call Turned Out to Die. What's the reason of it?
Artist—I'm sketching it in distemper.
Yes, I see—horse distemper.

Texan Amenities.

Two Texans met each other on the opposite banks of a stream, and, exchanging greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to see each other, and their only regret appeared to be that the meeting was in a place where it was impossible for them to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky, treacherous nature of the channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunate circumstances, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam," cried Broncho, "it's a little rough for old friends and neighbors to meet away out here, thousands of miles away from home, and then have to part in this way. Got yer pistol with ye?"

"I hev," cried Sam—"allers carry her."

"Good! That's one comfort; ef we can't get across this yer stream to shake hands, why, thar's nothin' to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other! Jist ride up to yer left thar a rod or two. Thar! Now jist one good old neighborly shot!"

The men rode aside, and "Bang, bang!" went their pistols. "Yer smashed the pummel of my saddle!" cried Broncho.

"Yer see the horse shied a little jist as yer turned loose, or ye might 'a' plumped me good."

"You done better, Bill; yer got into the flesh of my arm 'bout half an inch. Good mornin' to yer—a safe journey to yer—and tell the folks at home we met and had a good sociable time together."

"Thank yer, and the same to yer; bet I'll give 'em a good account of yer!"

Anno Domini 60,000.

Elsie—Do you believe in long marriage engagements, dear, as they did in the middle ages—1888, for instance?

Olga—Not much. Why, I met my husband at one o'clock and was his wife at two the same day.

Elsie—And I met Harry at 10 a.m. and was his wife at 9:55 a.m.

Olga—How do you make that out?

Elsie—That clock was five minutes fast!

The Man Who Is Down.

The world is harsh to the man who is down. There doesn't appear to be any place for him among his more prosperous fellows. Those who succeed through good fortune or on account of well directed effort, seem to take it as an affront that the poor devil who is down has the audacity to keep on living. Those who knew him in his prosperous days are prone to shun him, and those who never knew him are not desirous to make his acquaintance. If there was any way of concealing the truth he might have some show for climbing up again, but unfortunately it cannot be hid, and there are a thousand ways in which the fact that he is down is proclaimed to an unsympathizing world. In the first place there is his seedy attire, then his gaunt countenance and the hopeless look in his eye. His actions bespeak his condition, and the tones of his voice are accusing witnesses, giving continual testimony against him. The consolation he receives when it is offered, generally serves no other purpose than to make him feel his degradation all the more keenly. Of what use is a pious tract to a starving man, or a temperance lecture to a sufferer from drink? Yet there are many good people who think they have performed their whole duty to an unfortunate brother through such ministrations.

The Treacherous Shot-Gun.

There is a vicious perversity about a loaded shot-gun which denotes a degree of depraved intelligence that is quite surprising at times. Napoleon said that bayonets think, and we are inclined to think that shot-guns entertain opinions of their own. Take one of the best behaved and it will make a grand kick sometimes, especially when laboring under an unjust charge which it is prone to resent. It is when a hunter places it in a wagon that a shot-gun displays its inate depravity to the worst advantage. No matter in what position he is careful to lay it when he starts, it invariably presents its muzzle to the hunter when he wants to draw it out. And then it goes off without the slightest provocation as soon as he reaches for it. A shot-gun under such circumstances can be discharged simply by the hammer coming in contact with a straw, when, at other times, having a bead drawn on desirable game, the hunter can't induce it to go off by pulling on the trigger with all his might and main. An empty shot-gun that has been resting in the garret for years, has been known to go off with the utmost vivacity as soon as brought down stairs, particularly if the humorist of the family points it in a playful way at his little brother or sister. You can't trust a shot-gun whether it is loaded or not.

A Pertinent Question.

He was doing very nicely in the parlor when a solemn voice came through the open window from the porch: "That young man makes me very tired."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, as he hastily started up, "it is only Polly, our parrot."

"I understand it's the parrot," he replied; "but I would like to know who taught her to talk."—*New York Sun.*

They Must be Pure.

Keate was a great teacher and ruler. He was also a tremendous flogger. On one occasion, so the story goes, he addressed the boys upon the sixth beatitude and the substance of his comment has come down to us—"'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Mind that. It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart I'll flog you!"

How It Affects Him.

He was very late from Coney Island and was struggling to pull his boots off.
"M' dear," he said, "I never (hic) go down t' seashore an' watch the—er—boundin' billows an' sad sea waves 'thout (hic) being filled with awe an'—an'——"
"Beer!" suggested his wife.

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING!

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Path-," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Tennant fulfilled his intention of calling upon Mr. Kenswald the day after the Plas Newydd ball; and the day following his visit the jeweler called at Bryn-mawr between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, having already interviewed Lady Du Quesne.

Brande was out when Mr. Kenswald came—indeed, just at this hour Brande was always out as long as daylight lasted, except at meal-times—and Molly, standing at the drawing-room window, saw the jeweler's dog-cart coming, and ran to Mr. Tennant, who was in his study at the back of the house, to announce the fact.

As she saw the look of fear which clouded his face, she understood how greatly he dreaded hearing what Mr. Kenswald might have to tell him.

Had Molly studied her own wishes she would have asked to be allowed to be present at the interview, but her anxiety to spare her uncle's feelings overcame her curiosity. If Mr. Kenswald had any terrible revelations to make, she knew her presence would increase her uncle's sufferings, because he would grieve for her as much as for himself. So she went back to the drawing-room and waited quietly, passing Mr. Kenswald with a smiling "God-day" on her way.

"I've got the information you wanted, Mr. Tennant," said the jeweler, as he closed the study door was shut behind him. "Her ladyship was particularly gracious and communicative—when she found I had come to see her necklace."

"Oh, you saw it?" remarked Mr. Tennant, with interest.

"Yes, I saw it. She was only too glad to have an excuse for showing it."

"And what do you think of the pearls, Kenwald?"

"Very fine—very fine indeed!"

"As fine as—"

"As—" replied Mr. Kenswald, not waiting for the rest of the question—"quite as fine as yours—at least two of them are. The pearls I am a little doubtful about. Her ladyship thinks hers to be best are even finer than yours, but that, I take it, is only the glamor of possession; they are identical, as far as I could judge."

"You remember you told me that if I discovered my loss that you believed you would be able to recognize my pearls if you saw them," observed Mr. Tennant, slowly, as if he were forcing the words from his lips. "Did you form any opinion on the subject?"

Mr. Kenswald fidgeted in his chair for a few moments before he replied.

"You did not touch on that point in your letter, Mr. Tennant, and it's a rather nasty thing to give an opinion on, the jewels being in possession of a person of Lady Du Quesne's standing. Still I know you won't repeat it, on my unsupported word, if I tell you what I think. Mind, I do not assert it as a fact, for I should have to test them thoroughly before I could be absolutely certain; but, from the cursory examination I made, I believe the two finest pearls are two of those you have lost."

The master of Bryn-mawr did not speak at once; his heart was beating with painful violence, and he drew a long breath before he put his next question.

"And did you find out who got them for her?"

"Yes; Mr. Heffermann, of Cross Street, Haymarket. You mentioned his name among others when I was here last November. When I called upon him about this very job, he told me he had already received a commission direct from her ladyship. I told you at the time, you know, that she had been to half the jewelers in London."

"I remember you did. I'm very much obliged for all the trouble you've taken for me, Mr. Kenswald—very much obliged. And now what will you have before you go? A nip of something, a glass of sherry, or are you old woman enough to prefer going to Miss Griffiths for a cup of tea?"

"I should prefer the tea," said Mr. Kenswald; and then, as they rose, he asked a question. "Don't tell me unless you choose, Mr. Tennant, but I'm a little bit curious to know if you mean to let the matter drop here."

"I don't think so. I've not quite made up my mind yet, but I think I shall go up to London and see this Heffermann myself."

Mr. Kenswald nodded his approval of this notion, and then they went to the drawing-room. The busy jeweler drank a cup of tea and hurried off, being anxious to get back to Carnarvon before the daylight failed.

When he had gone Molly came out of the piano and began playing very softly. She was eager to know what had passed in the study; but she would not increase her uncle's anxiety by putting questions which might be troublesome to answer. She could not see the notes, but, having once commenced, she went on from one tender little air to another, selecting almost unconsciously the saddest and most plaintive airs she knew; somehow they seemed to come unbidden, as if her heart yearned in subtle sympathy with their troubled thoughts.

Griffiths Tennant came across the room presently and sat down close to her.

"There are tears in your music this evening, Molly," he said; "I can hear them falling quite plainly. Slow, hopeless tears they are; there is no passion in their grief, only the passiveness of despair."

"You fancy it, dear," she answered pensiently. "I would not make you low-spirited for the world! I won't play any more."

"Molly," he began again after a pause, "I am going up to London to-morrow."

In her surprise, she betrayed her curiosity in spite of herself.

"Then you have heard something!" she cried, clasping her hands nervously in the darkness.

"Yes," he returned quietly. "I have heard something that I cannot intrust to any one else to unravel. I have found out whom Lady Du Quesne got her pearls from; and I am going up to see the person who sold them to her."

"What is his name, uncle Griffiths?"

"Heffermann, of Cross—"

Molly rose, with a sharp cry of pain, and then stood still for a moment, for she was certain her cry had been echoed by some one in the room.

Was it Brande, who asked herself, and had he heard the name and address which seemed to her the absolute confirmation of her worst fears? That letter which her cousin had walked into the village before breakfast to post on the morning after the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner, that registered letter the receipt for which had passed through her hands afterwards, had been addressed to this man, who had found the pearls for Lady Du Quesne. Was not the inference plain enough? Could she any longer doubt what her reason pointed out so unerringly?

Then a new fear smote her as she sank down upon her music stool. If Brande had heard his uncle say he was going up to Heffermann's to-morrow, there was no knowing to what lengths his horror and fright might drive him. Was he in the room still, lurking somewhere in the shadow behind them, or had he crept out quietly round the door-screen and rushed away to hide his disgrace in flight, or by suicide, or by something as dreadful? A wild desire seized her to know where he was—to see for herself that he was safe.

"Did you hear anything in the room?" she asked, and when Mr. Tennant replied in the negative she said she was getting nervous and would go and ask Martin—poor Hewetson's successor—for a lamp. She kissed her uncle tenderly as she passed, and expressed a hope that all they could both wish might result from his visit to Cross street; but the moment she reached the hall her manner changed.

"Martin," she said, as she met the man with a tray of glasses, "did Mr. Brande come in just now?"

"He has just gone out, miss, he replied; "I saw him go out by the glass door this instant as I came through the back hall."

Acting upon the impulse of her sudden unreasonable fright, she ran down the hall and out of the glass door into the open air. A short path, bordered by a high clipped yew hedge, led from this door to the stable-yard. Just at the spot where tall iron gates closed in the stable-yard. She stood for a few moments at this point, undecided whether to follow the drive round to the front of the house or to turn in at the gates and inquire of the helpers if Mr. Brande had passed through the stables and out at the back. While she stood there, hesitating, she saw the light of a lantern coming across the stable-yard towards her, and at the same time she heard her cousin's voice, and another voice in reply.

With a sudden consciousness of the equivocalness of her position, she shrank back into the shadow of the hedge, as two men passed through the gate, not a yard in front of her.

"Wait a moment, Tom!" said Brande. "I want you to take a telegram for me, and set it off a telegram for me. I spoke about the stirrup-irons before the other fellows because I don't want the telegram talked about. It is on very private business, and the master doesn't wish you to speak to any one about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I can hold my tongue."

"All right! Now just read the message I have written on this piece of paper, to make sure there be no mistake, as it is a very important matter."

Tom threw the light from his lantern on to a slip of paper—a page torn from a pocket-book—and read slowly and aloud—

"To Franz Heffermann, 14 Cross street, Haymarket, London. Griffiths Tennant will call upon you to-morrow; be on your guard; keep things dark. BRANDE TENNANT."

"Quite right!" said Brande. "Now get off as quickly as you can, and don't forget to bring the stirrup-irons back with you. And here's half-a-crown for yourself."

Invisible herself, in her black dress, and standing in the deep shadow of the hedge, Molly could see the outline of Brande's figure as he waited a few moments in the drive, listening apparently to the footsteps on the gravel until he turned the corner of the house.

Then Brande came down the side-path, brushing Molly so closely as he passed, and muttering—

"It's no good having a fuss over the matter now. It can't do any of us any good for the dead old man to know. It's no good adding to our present misery and shame."

Molly heard every word, and as she heard she felt as if her heart were changing into a stone. Where and how would it all end? she wondered sorrowfully. She felt with Brande himself that it would do no good to let uncle Griffiths know the truth now, that it would only be causing him unnecessary pain; but she felt, too, that she was grieved at her cousin's duplicity and scheming.

It was Brande whom she had heard in the drawing-room; he had overheard his uncle's plans—hence this telegram to Heffermann. Now, when Mr. Tennant called on this man to-morrow, he would have ready prepared an account of how he obtained the pearls for Lady Du Quesne, and uncle Griffiths would be farther from his goal than ever.

As Molly stopped on her way back to ask Martin for the lamp, Brande came out of the drawing-room, lighting a cigar. A smile, or a sneer, was waping his lips, and Molly fancied she detected the smell of brandy.

"I thought you had left the drawing-room," he said, as he saw her; I heard your voice there a few minutes ago."

A few minutes! She looked at the clock, and found that she had been in the room longer than ten minutes. It was incredible! Judging by what she had gone through, she had thought that an hour at least must have passed.

"I got creepy sitting there in the dark," she spoke, and yet conscious of his pallor and his harassed appearance; "I came out to ask for a lamp. I could have fancied I saw a ghost in every shadow to-night."

"You're unhinged," he said curtly, "or you wouldn't imagine such rubbish. People who go in for that sort of nonsense are wrong somewhere—liver or conscience—one or the other. Get rid of your fights to give you a dose of some of his nasty stuff."

"For my liver or my conscience, Brande?" she asked, feeling a little indignant at his tone.

With his hand on the door-handle, he paused, as he replied—

"Whichever most needs physicing."

She smiled a rather wan smile as she passed into the room before him.

"I'm afraid I cannot diagnose my own case," she said very quietly. "It is quite impossible to form an impartial opinion upon one's own ailings or failings."

"Perhaps it is just as well so," he returned.

"Why?"

"Well, if some people judged themselves as hardly as others judge them, they could not support existence—the constant burden of shame would be too awful to bear."

Molly looked at him as he wheeled her favorite chair into the fire, feeling a sudden impulse to ask him if he found it so; but Mr. Tennant roused himself from his doze, and she was silent.

"Here you are at last, Brande!" he said. "How long have you been back?"

"About half an hour, sir."

"And have you been standing about the Aber meadows all day?"

"Very nearly, sir. Mrs. Jones gave me something to eat at one o'clock, and I smoked a pipe with Jones afterwards in the kitchen. Beyond that I have been busy in the meadows all the time."

"I wish you wouldn't take it out of yourself quite so much, Brande," said uncle Griffiths with a wistful look; "you are getting quite thin. I don't like to see it."

"Better get thin than fat, sir!"

"But you never showed signs of getting fat, my boy. One would think you were training to get weight down."

The young man rose impatiently and poked fire, though it really needed no attention.

"Don't worry about me, sir; I'm all right enough. It won't do me any harm to lose a little flesh. I've got a restless fit on me, and I'd better work it off in loosing after things down here than go and have a mad fling in town. If I'm not pretty well tired out, I can't sleep at night."

Molly and Mr. Tennant, feeling convinced that this sleeplessness was the result of remorseful thoughts, considered the topic unsafe, and changed it.

"Uncle Griffiths is running up to town to-morrow, Brande," said Molly.

"Oh!" ejaculated Brande shortly, looking down into the fire, a conscious flush tinting his face. Then he added, as if he felt some remark was expected from him—"Are you going to make a long stay, sir?"

"No," answered Mr. Tennant, relieved beyond measure that the announcement of his departure had not provoked a volley of inquiries as to its cause—"not more than a couple of days. I only made up my mind this afternoon—an hour ago, in fact."

"What train do you go by?" asked Molly, seeing her uncle's confusion and knowing the reason of it.

"The 9 25 from Carnarvon I think."

"I'll drive you in," said Brande; "and I think I'll get down to Cross Wells for a day or two. I heard from him this morning, asking me to go over for the lawn meet at Gwynnant on Thursday, and he could put a couple of horses up for me. He's had large additions made to his stables, he says. He's turning that place into quite a respectable hunting-box."

"The gong!" exclaimed Molly, rising and making her escape, that her cousin might not see how she took this abrupt announcement of his intended absence.

What did it mean? she asked herself musingly. Was Brande trying to shake her off? It looked like it, and yet after all that had happened it seemed impossible. Surely, if the engagement were to be broken off at all, the initiative should come from her, not from him! It seemed to her that this was the height of ingratitude. After she had suppressed her scruples, had resolutely set aside her pride, after she had by her conduct ignored the past, as far as his constant self-consciousness would allow, and behaved to him just as if she had every reason to think him the best and most estimable of men, that he should turn round and fling her aspirations in her face! It was monstrous! It was cruel! Apart from her just indignation, she felt that she had gone as far now in her efforts to atone for her want of respect would allow or as her uncle could justifiably expect. She loved Brande—yes, she loved him dearly, in spite of everything. Having once given her love, she found herself utterly unable to withdraw it again, even though she found the recipient unworthy. Her affection could not be at all considerable enough of moral rectitude. But, although she could not help loving him, she was not inclined to humiliate herself by holding him to a promise which he was evidently willing to fling aside. She would not stoop to sue as a favor for that which had been granted to her as a right. Before she went down to dinner she had resolved that she would make no more attempts to propitiate Brande—the next advance must come from him.

CHAPTER X.

The next two days passed wearily enough with Molly. In spite of long walks with the dogs and equally long talks with Mrs. Price, the girl found the hours drag wofully in the great sombre, echoing house. Had she known how lonely it would be she would have gone over and spent the time with her sister Althea, who had married a cotton spinner in Manchester; indeed, in a great effort that she made she had she not dreaded her cross-examination in the present state of affairs. She knew her sister well enough to feel certain that before they had been together an hour her inquisitiveness would have scented the existence of a mystery somewhere; and, though Molly was aware that her sister could hold her tongue as persistently as any monk of La Trappe, she preferred that the very existence of a secret should not be known to the members of her family.

When Griffiths Tennant returned in time for a nine o'clock dinner, Molly ran into the hall at the first sound of the drive, and, as she had hoped, was there to give him a hearty greeting as soon as he had ascended the steps. It had been arranged before they started that Brande was to meet his uncle at the station and come back with him; but the young man had not held to this arrangement.

"Brande is not with me, Molly child," said Mr. Tennant, fancying he saw her looking inquiringly beyond him into the darkness; "I would sent a groom with the dog-cart instead—our truant is going to stay over Sunday."

"I am glad," returned Molly sincerely; "the change will do him good."

Though she did not tell her uncle of it, she had another reason for being glad at Brande's continued absence. The relations between them had become more strained than ever since she had ceased from her efforts to put her lover at his ease, and she found it difficult to maintain appearances.

"Aren't you famished?" she asked brightly. "Dinner only waits for your signal."

He took her face between his hands and looked at her for a few moments, his head inclined a little on one side.

"You are a wonderful little woman," he said; "you are dying with anxiety to hear my news, and yet you are generous enough to forbear from asking a question. I will reward you by giving you a full, true, and particular account after dinner."

Molly nodded assent to this arrangement, and smiled her gratitude to him, urging him up-stairs to his dressing-room without letting him speak another word. She was not really so curious as he imagined. She knew that, thanks to Brande's timely warning to Mr. Heffermann, it was almost a matter of certainty that her uncle had not obtained any information in search of which he had gone; but this knowledge she kept carefully to herself. Although she was anxious to learn the mystery with regard to the pearls cleared up, her loyalty to Brande would not allow her to speak a word that might help to convict him of the crime; though she fully believed in his sin, she would not say or do anything that might strengthen the belief in others.

When they had finished dinner and the servant had left the room, Mr. Tennant broached the subject at once.

"Bring your chair down here, Molly," he said, clearing a space on the table at the corner nearest to him as he spoke. "We can't be too careful how we talk on this subject, can we? I think you have guessed that I have not found out what I wanted to know."

Molly nodded her head.

"How did you guess it?"

"I fancied you would have told me at once if you had," she replied, feeling very mean and sly.

"I suppose I should," he admitted, thoughtfully. "Well, Molly, I'll tell you all about it, dear; you have as much right to know all about the matter as anyone else. I took in hand to this Mr. Heffermann as soon as I got to the hotel, asking him if he would name a time for an interview. We are not exactly strangers, Heffermann and I. When I was quite a young man I remember going with my father to him to see if he could save some of the plate which my grandfather had pawned to him; but we couldn't—the accumulated interest was too heavy. Well, I went at the time appointed, and—what do you believe me, Molly?—if I had not been absolutely certain to the contrary, if I had not known positively that you, Kenswald, and myself were the only people who knew the motive of my visit, I should have thought he knew all about it before I spoke a word."

"What made you think that, uncle?" she asked.

"Why, he looked at me with such a queer expression of mingled astonishment I'm all right enough. It won't do me any harm to lose a little flesh. I've got a restless fit on me, and I'd better work it off in loosing after things down here than go and have a mad fling in town. If I'm not pretty well tired out, I can't sleep at night."

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WITCH HAZEL:

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Her first orders were for a dinner and reception dress, and upon these both Emelie and her faithful ally, Mary Walker, labored with all their talent and skill.

Two weeks' marvels of artistic beauty, and their customers went away delighted to recommend to their dear five hundred friends the treasure they had discovered in their dressmaker.

Orders poured in upon Madame Graham from that hour, and a corps of seamstresses was engaged forthwith. Madame became the fashion, and from that time there was no fear that the wolf would ever walk in at their door.

Meantime she had heard nothing more from Adrien Earlescourt, who wrote of his safe return; then later of his pursuits, in friendly letters, which possessed a strange fascination for the young widow, although they did not breathe one word of the love which he still cherished for her, and hoped some day to find courage to plead again.

Mrs. Graham replied to him in the same friendly spirit, telling him of her change of residence, but never a word of the dire necessity that had caused it. She simply remarked that they thought the change would be advantageous since their old home had been destroyed; and so Adrien Earlescourt never dreamed how the woman, whom he so fondly loved, was toiling for her daily bread.

It was toil, too, for there was much that was perplexing and annoying, and even disgusting at times, in being at the mercy of the capricious and exacting lovers of fashion who thronged her rooms and demanded her time and attention.

Mr. Earlescourt believed that she was still living in affluence, and his letters showed this, while he warmly commended her tenderness and nobility in adopting as her own the little waif whom they had saved on that never-to-be-forgotten night when they had, too, had so narrow an escape. He often remarked that he should always feel deeply interested in little Miss May Graham.

Two years passed and this friendly correspondence continued, and Mr. Earlescourt did not once speak of the love that he still cherished until the end of that time.

Then he wrote a manly, earnest declaration of his affection, telling Emelie that he had loved her from the hour of their first meeting in London, and had only waited until then to formally ask her hand out of respect to her bereavement. Could she love him well enough to come to his heart and home, and brighten all his future life? he asked. Without her he must continue to live in loneliness, and with a ceaseless regret; with her life would be one long season of joy and hope.

Emelie Graham grew very sorrowful as she read this tenderly entreating letter.

Of late she had been learning again the lesson of love. She realized that to spend her life, with such a man as Adrien Earlescourt would be a delightful release from toil and care—and that she would be carefully sheltered and protected from all future struggles with the world by the deep and lasting affection of a king among men.

But her pride suddenly interposed a seemingly impassable barrier.

When Mr. Earlescourt had learned to love her she had been the admired and wealthy Mrs.

"THIS PACKAGE IS YOURS. I'VE FEARED I WASN'T DOING RIGHT—BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!"

Graham—his equal in every respect. To-day she was only Emelie Graham, the modiste—a servant to those among whom she had once shone conspicuous.

Having sedulously kept this a secret from him, he doubtless believed he was asking a woman of wealth and high position to share his home. She could not believe he would have done this if he had known the truth.

She could not bring herself to confess it at this late day, and she would not be dishonorable enough to accept him without doing so.

So, although she knew that she was wilfully putting away from her a life of love and happiness, and dooming herself to toil and loneliness she resolutely, but kindly, declined his offer; yet begged to be allowed to regard him the same valued friend as of yore.

When Adrien Earlescourt read this letter his handsome face grew white and full of pain.

"The whole epistle is entirely unlike her," he said, as he read it through for the second time. "It is constrained and unnatural, as if she was trying to hide something from me. She does not say that she does not—cannot love me. She avoids the question of affection entirely, and simply writes that she cannot be my wife, without giving any reason for her refusal. There is some mystery about it. I believe I could win her if there was not."

He was not a man to lightly relinquish a purpose when once it was formed, and he determined to know the reason of Emelie Graham's refusal of his suit.

The very next steamer found him on his way to America.

Reaching New York, his first act was to call for a directory and look up Mrs. Graham's address.

The moment his eye fell upon it his face lighted, and to him the mystery of his rejection was explained.

"Madame Emelie Graham, fashionable modiste, No. 87 — street," he read.

"Dear little woman," he murmured, a tremulous smile curving his fine lips, "she lost everything in that terrible fire, and she came to New York to escape from her aristocratic friends, and to battle for her invalid mother and the child she adopted. Noble woman; my heart's deepest reverence, as well as my love is hers, and I will stop at nothing in an honorable way to win her."

Two hours later he rang the bell at Madame Graham's door.

A neatly dressed servant admitted and conducted him to a small reception room furnished in exquisite taste.

"I have no cards with me," he said, in reply to the maid's inquiry regarding his name. "You can tell Mrs. Graham that an old friend wishes to see her."

Ten minutes later the door opened again, and Emelie herself entered. She was clad in a ravishing costume of gray relieved by pipings of pale lavender; and was more beautiful than ever, although he detected a slightly care-worn expression about her eyes.

A look of surprised expectation was on her face, for she believed one of her Chicago friends had sought her out; but it changed instantly to one of eager delight, as she sprang forward with outstretched hands.

"Adrien—Mr. Earlescourt!" she cried, taken wholly by surprise, and then the rich color suffused her at having addressed him so familiarly. He had signed his letters to her thus for some time, and she had grown to think of him by that name alone.

His heart bounded with sudden gladness at the sound; his face was all aglow with hope and love.

"Emelie!" he boldly responded, drawing her toward him and looking earnestly into her lovely eyes. "I could not take that cruel letter as my answer, and so I have come for you."

She cast one startled glance at him; she opened her lips as if to speak, but no sound came from them, and she tried to withdraw the hands that he was holding in a strong, loving clasp.

"Nay, they are mine," he said, smiling, "I cannot let them go. Darling, did you think I would give you up so easily? I know all about it now, though at first your rejection was a mystery to me. Emelie Graham never dictated that letter, it was pride that would not confess the losses, the struggles and trials of the past two years, yet was not deceitful enough to allow me to take an irrevocable step in the dark. Emelie, I have come to learn my fate from your own lips; I must know you can assure me that you cannot become my wife because you do not love me, I will go back again at once and try to bear my loss as patiently as may be. Darling, be frank with me—can you do so? I think—can you honestly tell me that you do not love me?"

He knew she could not from the lovely flush that came and went on her cheek, from the shy, downcast eyes and the trembling yet now passionate hands in his.

He had known it the moment she had spoken from the note of eager joy in her voice.

But his face grew luminous with tender triumph when she lifted her truthful glance to his and murmured:

"No, I cannot."

CHAPTER IX.

A WEDDING—A RETROSPECT—A MYSTERY.

A smile of tenderness and joy illumined Adrien Earlescourt's face at this confession, and drawing the woman of his love to his breast, he folded his strong arms about her.

"I thought I should solve the riddle if I came in person," he said, fondly, as he drew her to a seat.

"Riddle!" she repeated, looking up inquiringly, while her beautiful face was like the dawn in her new-found happiness.

"Yes; I told you that your letter was wholly unlike you. But for the penmanship and your signature, I never should have believed that you wrote it. I knew at once that something was very wrong with you, and I was determined to know what it was. The moment I found your address in the directory it was made plain to me."

"I could not tell you," she faltered. "You had known me only as rich, prosperous, and occupying a high social position—I could not explain that if you took me, it must be emptyhanded."

He lifted her hands reverently to his lips.

"All the more reason why I should take you," he replied, tenderly. "Dear, busy hands! how faithfully they have wrought! But they belong to me, now—do they not?"

"Yes, if you will have them, in spite of everything," Emelie Graham murmured, with a brilliant flush and tremulous smile, although there were tears in her eyes, she was so touched by his nobility.

His great love humbled her, too, shamed her pride, and yet she experienced a blessed relief, a sense of rest and comfort in the possession of it.

"When may I have them? When will you be my wife, Emelie? Let it be just as early as possible, darling. How soon can you get ready to go back to England with me?"

She looked up, startled.

"You are taking me by storm," she said, smiling. "But you forget—there is mamma—"

"Thy people shall be my people," he interposed.

"And Marie—"

"Dear little May! Have we not both an equal interest in her? Can we not persuade Mrs. Gerard to accompany us? And Marie—as I see you like to call her—shall be regularly adopted as Miss Earlescourt."

Emelie Graham's face trembled and she could not reply. She never half comprehended the greatness of the man's nature. All her burdens, all her difficulties were slipping from her shoulders beneath the magic of his love, while he wrapped the mantle of protection so tenderly about her that all care and anxiety seed suddenly shut away from her.

"How long will it take to settle up your business?" Mr. Earlescourt continued, practically, as he saw that she was on the point of breaking down.

The question restored her composure instantly, and her active mind began at once to plan for the bright future awaiting her.

She felt sure that her assistant, Mary Walker, would be glad to become the proprietress of her well-regulated establishment and flourishing business. It would take but very little time to make the transfer, and she had no outstanding bills to collect, for she has rigidly insisted upon doing a cash business from the first.

She knew well enough that her mother would accompany her to England to live, for she had no strong ties to bind her to this country, while Mr. Earlescourt's delicate proposal to regularly adopt Marie settled the question of her future.

"How long do you wait?" she asked, after considering these points for a moment.

"Not a moment longer than is absolutely necessary," Mr. Earlescourt replied, gravely.

"You must return soon?"

"Very soon."

"Your business is imperative?"

"Very!"

But the twinkle in his eyes, as it met hers, half-belied his statement, and the next moment he half-confessed outright.

"See what a tyrant you have promised yourself to, my Emelie," he said, archly. "But darling, I do not wish to put you to the least inconvenience; I will not hurry you unduly only I cannot bear to defer our happiness for any fancied reason regarding so-called etiquette. The most imperative business I have on hand just now is to secure my wife and take her home. Earlescourt has long been without a mistress, Emelie; not since my dear mother's death has it known the presence of a woman, excepting servants, and I long to know what a real home is like once more."

"I can be ready to go home with you within a month, Adrien," Emelie Graham said, lifting a tender face to him, having resolved not to keep him waiting a single day longer than was absolutely necessary.

He kissed her and touched her lips with his first kiss of love.

"Thank you, my darling. God is good to me," he said, with reverent thankfulness.

It was a very busy but a happy month that followed. Mrs. Graham's approaching marriage took everybody by surprise, and much regret was expressed by her patrons over the necessity of parting with her.

To Mrs. Gerard it was blessed news, for it had been a great trial to her to have her delicately reared daughter harassed by the cares of business and the caprices of the fashionable people who availed themselves of her talent.

Miss Walker was very much pleased and exceedingly grateful for the generous offer which Mrs. Graham made her—to take her establishment and business just as it stood, allowing her only the cost for fixtures and furnishings, this to be paid at her own convenience.

The time slipped rapidly by, and one morning there was a very quiet wedding in Mrs. Graham's parlor, when she was made the wife of Adrien Earlescourt.

There were only a very few witnesses present at that marriage. The mother and adopted daughter of the bride, the wife and daughters of the officiating clergyman, together with Miss Walker and the half-dozen seamstresses, who had learned to love their employer for her kindness and thoughtfulness and consideration toward them, as well as for the liberal wages which she had always paid them, and to each of whom, now at parting, she gave a handsome souvenir for her faithfulness to her interests.

The beautiful woman had never looked lovelier than she did on this morning in her rich yet simple traveling suit of silvery gray, and with the look of perfect peace and happiness in her shining eyes and on her smiling lips.

A beautiful breakfast was served after the ceremony, and two hours later the bridal party went on board the elegant steamer that was to bear them to their English home.

Arriving in London, Mr. Earlescourt took handsome apartments in St. James' square, where they will remain until the bridal party have his fine mansion in Devonshire properly prepared to receive his bride. This was to occupy some months, and during that time the beautiful Mrs. Earlescourt should become more, in a right particular star, in the circles which she had so graced and where she had been such a favorite two years previous.

Her marriage with Mr. Earlescourt had taken the fashionable world entirely by surprise, since they had no warning of it until their friends received their cards after their return; but people, being in utter ignorance of the losses and bitter experiences through which the bride had passed, pronounced it a very suitable match, and manifested their approval by numerous receptions and parties in her honor.

When the London season was over, Mr. Adrien Earlescourt took his happy family home, where they settled into an ideal household, of which his cherished wife, Emelie, became the charm and center.

. . . . . .

A lapse of ten years makes great changes in this world of ours, and we will find that each cycle has wrought its work and left its mark upon each of our characters in this story.

In the old home of Sandy Morton there is not a familiar face, for disease had long since set its mark upon the old gentleman and obliged him to resign his easier life, a less costly residence; and a stranger now cares for the revolving light that warns the mariner from a dangerous crag on the rock-bound coast.

We will take a retrospective view, for much of interest lies wrapped in these ten years?

Sandy Morton could never obtain any definite information regarding the ill fated steamer which had been swallowed by the hungry waves before his eyes, and from which he had been able to save only one human being.

Time after time he had made inquiries, hoping to learn something regarding the friends of the beautiful little girl, who had so strangely fallen into his care; but, though there were many surmises on the subject, and many suggestions offered for his benefit, he never learned anything that gave him the slightest satisfaction.

To him and his grandson she had come like a ray of sunshine to brighten their quiet and monotonous lives, and they learned to love her with an almost idolatrous affection, which she largely returned; and soon adapting herself to her surroundings, she became as happy and contented as a song-bird in its nest.

She was devoted, heart and soul, to Percy, to whom she was the embodiment of all that was beautiful and pure; and from the very first he was her loyal slave; and yet he exercised remarkable judgment and tact in training her character from year to year.

She was a merry little thing, full of fun and mischief; yet not vicious mischief either. She was like the breeze that always, in pleasant weather, swept over her island home—bright cheery, exhilarant, never still, but the sun and center of that isolated spot in the midst of old ocean.

She was rightly named Witch Hazel, Percy was wont to tell her, for she bewitched them all, and nothing was done in the light-keeper's home without first taking into consideration the happiness and interest of this fairy of the household.

They called her Pet, Hazel, Witch, and a hundred other fond names, to all of which she gave ready answer, though to Percy's Hazel dear, she always yielded quickest obedience in moments of heedlessness or wilfulness.

When, a short time after her rescue, Sandy Morton examined the belt which had been found fastened around the child's body, he discovered to his astonishment that it contained upward of five thousand dollars in gold.

"It's a large sum, Percy, lad!" he said, with a look of awe on his weather-beaten face. "Our little sunbeam must have belonged to some of the gentry, for only such people carry such amounts, and own such fine jewels. We must make this money do the most we can for her, so if she ever finds her friends, they need not be ashamed of her."

After thinking the matter well over, he decided to deposit it in the bank at Falmouth, a large seaport town near them, subject to his order, or to that of his grandson in the event of his death, until Miss Hazel Gay should reach her adult years, when she should have the control of whatever remained from the cost of her education, which he intended should be the very best that could be secured.

"We will not touch it except for her schooling," he told Percy. "She shall be welcome to everything else that she needs, but she must be taught to be a lady. The dimes we must keep always, for that alone will prove her birthright; and lad, if I should die sudden, do you take care of it. As you value her happiness and future good, don't let anything happen to it."

Percy's own education had been sadly neglected up to this time. His grandfather had taught him what he could; and the boy, naturally bright and studious, inclined, had made the most of these instructions; but they were far from being systematic or what he needed.

But now, when the question of Hazel's education came to be considered, the old man began to feel that he had made a mistake in not giving him better advantages, and he determined to make up for it as far as was practicable.

He could not send either of the children to school without putting them into some private institution far away from home, and he could not endure the thought of the separation, which this would require; therefore, he engaged the services, for eight months in the year, of a young graduate of one of the colleges of England, who was suddenly reduced to the necessity of teaching, but whose health was delicate and was not adapted to close application.

It was a very fortunate arrangement for all parties, for the sea air was just what the young student needed, and his services proved to be of the greatest advantage to his pupils.

Nine years passed, and Percy developed into a fine young man of nineteen, honest, conscientious, intelligent; Hazel into a fair, energetic girl of twelve, loving fun and play with all her heart, when she had a right to do it, but bending all her energies to study when that became her duty.

During the last three years it had been thought best for Percy to enter upon some regular course with youths of his own age, and he had therefore been pursuing his studies at Plymouth, remaining there during the school week, but returning to the island Friday evening and spending the Sabbath there.

About this time Captain Morton began to fail visibly, and to realize that his activity was almost at an end.

"I must give up the light, lad, he said, sadly, to Percy, during one of his visits home; "I am going down the hill of life fast, and must look about me for a place to rest in."

So his resignation was sent in, a strong young man was appointed to take his place, while the captain took a pretty cottage in the suburbs of Plymouth, where Percy was at school, in which to spend his last days.

They were not many.

In less than three months after leaving the island the end came.

The old gentleman had not been very well for several days, and one Sabbath afternoon he was much worse.

It seemed to be only a fainting turn, from which he rallied after awhile, and they thought he was better; but he felt that his hours were numbered.

He sent every one but Percy from the room, and then turning his white face and fading eyes to him, he said:

"My lad, go to the desk yonder and bring me what you will find in the second drawer on the left."

Percy went to do his bidding, and, unlocking the drawer, found within it two packages, which he brought to his grandfather, laying them on the bed.

The old man put out his hand upon one of them.

"This belongs to Hazel," he said, speaking with an effort. "In it you'll find her bankbook, the necklace, and the clothes she wore when we saved her. Take care of them; let nothing ever happen to them, and you'll have to be the child's guardian after this. I know I'm well by her; give her all the learning she wants—music, painting, or anything else she has a taste for; don't spare the money, for if she ever finds her friends, it'll be her to take care of herself if she ever needs to. You've always been a good lad, Percy; I can trust you, and I know you'll look after her faithfully."

"Indeed I will, grandfather; she'll never want for anything while I have health and strength," replied the young man, a deep flush mounting to his forehead, his heart thrilling with strange emotions, as he received this charge, though he had never thought to do so before to realize that his dear old relative was drawing very near death's door.

"That's right, lad; she'll need care and watching during the next few years, but I know you'll not neglect her. And—now—this other package, laying a tremulous hand upon it, with an unaccountable excitement seemed to agitate him, "this is yours; I've sometimes been afraid I wasn't doing right; but you'll forgive me, lad. Ah!—I'm afraid the faintness is coming on again—"

He stopped, panting for breath, and Percy fanned him vigorously.

After a few moments he resumed:

"Perhaps I ought—to have told you—before; but I loved you well—you were all I had, and somehow it came hard. All I've got is yours—and I've saved a snug sum—these years. You'll forgive, lad—don't lay it up—against me—"

He stopped suddenly, the hand seemed to be wandering somewhat, and had spoken very disconnectedly.

Percy could not understand what he meant by pleading for forgiven and yet the word excited him strangely.

What was this thing that he ought to have told him—that he had kept from all his life? What was contained in that mysterious package which belonged to him, and of which he had never suspected the existence until now?

His grandfather still breathed, but he was terribly afraid that he would die with the mystery unexplained.

"Forgive what, grandfather?" he asked, bending over him to wipe the death-dew from his forehead.

"Eh?" said the man, weakly, and arousing as from a stupor. "Yes; it was wrong. I ought to—have—told—you—"

His tongue ceased to perform its office, and an agonized expression shot into the eyes of the dying man as he realized that the power of speech had failed. But he shoved packages toward Percy, and seemed to indicate by his gestures that it contained something important. Then his eyes closed, he gasped once or twice and lay white and still.

Percy instantly called the nurse, thinking that he had fainted, but the old light-house keeper was dead.

Three days later they buried him, and both Percy and Hazel grieved sorely for the dear friend who had given them such tender and faithful care for so many years.

That night, when Percy returned to his room, he opened the package that his grandfather had given him on his death-bed.

It contained an infant's dress, fine and sheer and richly embroidered; a flannel skirt which also was decorated with beautiful silk work; a pair of blue worsted socks and a string of beads upon the clasp of which there were engraven two initials—"P. H."

Percy stared at these articles in astonishment.

Of what peculiar interest was that baby's dress, that flannel skirt, those tiny socks to him? That string of beads, too, what was their history in connection with him?

He had never known of their existence before; why had they been concealed from him? For some express purpose, of course.

His grandfather's words came back to him—his confession of wrong for having hidden something from him—his plea for forgiveness for that wrong.

He examined the clasp attached to the beads again.

"P," might stand for Percy, but "H." certainly did not stand for Morton—the name that he had borne all his life.

"Was I, too, cast up from the depths? Was that what he wished to tell me?" he said, all the color receding from his face, a chill creeping all through him. "Am I not after all Percy Morton, the son of Sandy Morton's son but some other child whom, like Pet, he rescued from an ocean grave? John Morton, whom I always believed to be my father, had a son named Percival. I have seen the entry in the old Bible hundreds of times. What became of that child? Did it die, and was I thrown upon the old gentleman's care and adopted in its place? It must be so—there is no other way to account for my grandfather's strange words on his death bed and for these garments which could be of no use to anyone else, and in an humble life and station like mine. 'P.H.' what do those letters stand for? Who am I? All my life henceforth will be the restless sea until the mystery is solved."

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the best place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

At Nahant.

Miss Haricot (to big brother)—I say, Bob, won't you row me over to Egg Rock this morning?

Bob—Hang it all, Clara, it's too blamed hot for exertion. Besides I don't feel well to-day.

An hour later,

Miss Manhattan (a New York heiress)—Now are you sure you don't mind rowing me over to Egg Rock, Mr. Haricot?

Bob (eagerly)—Certainly not, Miss Manhattan; it's just a perfect day, and I am dying for some exercise. I will go for the boat at once.

The amenities of life make the true beauty of living.

Life is a continual routine in whatever guise it assumes.

Chips.

A young man wants to know how to bring out a mustache.

Tie a cord round it tightly; hitch the cord to a post; and then run backward.

A solemn old scientist printed the fact that by bathing the feet in tepid water a man could double his circulation, and now all the editors are having tanks fitted to their office stoves.

Miss Minns is not well. Yesterday, as her nurse brought her a packet which had evidently just arrived from the doctor, the excellent invalid sighed, and said, "Ah, that is my medicine. Well, well, I'll try to take it as soon as I feel well enough."

When two young people of dissimilar sex, with a singleness of purpose and a doubleness of affection, sit up with each other, and so on, and when the clock strikes a dozen, he says—"Is it possible?" and she says, "Why, I didn't know it was so late!" you may draw your conclusion that very soon a unified couple will be buying some furniture.

A Parisian recounts that he met recently in a railway carriage on the way to Toulouse a very agreeable and well-instructed person, who said he was a professional man. He parted with his companion with some regret, and with an exchange of cards, the agreeable person adding as he gave his: "It will afford me great pleasure at any time to be useful to you professionally." Hilldreese forbade looking at the card till he had got out of sight, when he found it was that of the public executioner of Paris. There was no mistaking the professional name was the statement of the professional pursuit.

There died lately in Paris, at the age of 103, Comte Amorini Bolognini, who, for nearly a century, was a great favorite in society at Florence and Bologna. Count Amorini's jet black wigs enjoyed a certain notoriety. There were thirty of them—one for every day in the month. They were perfectly similar, except that her were one rather longer than the other. This difference in the length ingeniously represented the natural growth of the hair, which the Count pretended to get cut on the first of every month, when he put on the shortest of the wigs. And on the evening of that day he would invariably cough five or six times when at his club, until a friend asked him:

"You seem to have caught cold, Signor Comte?"

"I fancy so; had my hair cut; got a sore throat; horrid weather, you know."

Food For Thought.

One of those shoppers known as tasters, who chew calico to see if the colors are fast, went into a prominent dry goods store on the avenue. Approaching the calico counter she inquired of the clerk:

"Have you any blue striped calico on a red ground?"

The clerk, who knew his customer, answered politely:

"Not a mouthful."

A good man even in death makes no mistake.

Laughter and song are the heart's rivers of hope.

A smile through tears is the soul's rainbow of peace.

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40 years' loyalty to our patrons

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EVERY LADY who buys anything in the hair line is entitled to have her hair dressed gratis, in the latest style and fashion, according to

Armand Hair Restorer is the latest invention. It differs entirely from any hair restorer existing. It will restore gray hair to its original color. It is not a dye, and will not soil or injure the skin. Free of grease or any injurious drugs. Sensational discovery in Chemistry. Everyone with gray hair should give it a trial. Pri. e $1 a bottle, only.

TAKE NOTICE OF

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Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Mrs. Langtry has gone to London, seeking for a new play, and a sometime sweetheart. "Freddie" Gebhard, you know, left for the same place some weeks before, and, from all one can gather in a public way, in a huff with the Lily upon jealous grounds. How good! and how romantic, too, all this! We hear of every new move; the goings and the comings of these people are of vital interest to various reporters and a new rumor cleverly exploited is a reputation for the journal printing it.

One of the places of our city that attracts the idle man-about-town occasionally, but mostly the many visiting out-of-town people who make up a very large floating population, the county merchants and the young fellows who are doing New York, is the concert hall and beer garden on West 23rd street, formerly known as a decent German place, where you might listen to excellent music, and, if you wished, indulge in a quiet glass of lager. Koster's, as the place is now known, is the respectable(?) relic of such notorious places as the Cremorne Gardens on 32nd street, and the even more pronounced resort on 31st street, known as Tom Gould's. I dropped into Koster's a few evenings ago to see a young woman and hear her sing. Her name is Marsden, Blanche Marsden. Some time ago we were all startled with the news of a suicide; the man who had found life no longer worth living was a successful dramatist, a popular man, a man who had, apparently, cause for content and for comfort in position and competency obtained. He left letters telling of a home that was made bitter, and a heart that was broken by a daughter's way wardness. Frederick Marsden died thus in the prime of manhood, at the height of success.

This story took me to see the daughter. She is a pretty woman; her figure is exhibited with an apparent knowledge of its value in its entirety. There appears no sort of prudishness, not even the shadow of modesty; no resort to skirts to hinder movement or obstruct the view. She sang something with a refrain, "I think so, don't you?" smiled at the mob of men and brazen women that filled the hall, responded to several encores prompted by an admiration of the daring costume, and retired amidst audible comment that would make a good many men ashamed of being found near enough to hear. This sort of thing appeals to the same curiosity that attracts a crowd to the morgue or about a person injured in the street. Most of the onlookers see it as a thing apart; the real tragedy of the lives that are nearly related never seems to show itself. There is more of comedy than aught else; it is amusing, especially so with a savor of "naughtiness." "The pity of it" is heard but rarely!

The Florences open their season in Toronto next week, and I envy you the privilege of hearing them. A new play, I believe, success to it, say I, and of course it can't be otherwise. Two more charming stage people do not exist; their popularity is as wide as our continent. Mr. Florence, you know, is writing, or has written a book about his career on the stage. It will abound in funny stories and humorous situations as a matter of course. His style as a literary fellow has been established, and some of his published short stories have been copied widely.

Lord Chumley, the new Lyceum Theater play, written by H. C. De Mille and David Belasco, is one of the most delightful things I have had the pleasure of listening to for some years. It is one of those plays in which an unpretentious character, a man who appreciates his own shortcomings in the way of mental sharpness, is permitted a chance to show to the world and to his friends that true nobleness and actual heroism are often found in most unexpected quarters. Lord Chumley is a young swell of the Dundreary type, slow as to seeing a joke, a bit heavy as to doing things. He loves the sister of his chum, the son of a tradesman, proposes, is rejected and accused of mercenary motives. The brother is to leave for war; on the eve of his departure he is accosted by a villainous blackleg to whom he has forfeited his honor, during a drunken game of cards. The fellow demands a letter to the sister, telling of sacrifice on his part, put in a way that will urge her to accept his offer of marriage. Chumley to the rescue! He discovers the situation, and foils the rascal with his own weapons. The brother goes to the war, Chumley to an attic where he can save, by sacrificing every luxury to which he has been accustomed, enough money to pay in full the obligations of his friend. The play ends happily, poetic justice is duly meted out to the bad Frenchman, and Chumley wins the heart of the girl he loves, and you, too, dear auditor, if you are made of penetrable stuff. E. H. Sothern does Chumley, and leaves nothing undone. It is one of those admirable performances in which you are unable to see a fault. Mr. Sothern is a young man, but he has shown, in this and before, a rare talent. Here's another striking example to point an old dictum—he inherits the characteristics that made his father one of the most celebrated actors of his day. The play is bright with wit and exceptionally clever situations.

Confessions of a Young Man, a new English book by a bright literary bohemian of London, George Moore, is one of the most startlingly piquant things I have read for some time. It is written with all the dash and impulse of young blood, and abounds in inordinate conceit and boils over with the author's exultant worldliness. Selfishness and the main chance are the talismans that open the way to success and to enjoyment. He expresses himself with rare clearness and generally with good judgment respecting various literary lions, notably Henry James, W. D. Howells and Robert Louis Stevenson. Brentanos are the American publishers.

Lester Wallack's Reminiscences, to appear in the October, November and December numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*, will be of rare interest and possess a peculiar value as being the last and only published autobiographical matter from an actor who has been so long and so eminently connected with the stage of America. The portrait to appear as frontispiece to the October number was taken this summer at his country place at Stamford.

CARRINGTON.

A Prosperous Firm.

The employes in the well known firm of H. S. Morison & Co., at 218 Yonge street, are busy bees at this time. During the whole of the week the store has been overcome with visitors from town and country who have not been backward in expressing their admiration at the admirable display of fall and winter goods as displayed in this handsomely appointed house. A specialty of this firm is ladies' and children's wear, and judging by the display of colored goods, sealette, Astrachan and plush wraps, Russian circulars, short walking jackets in the most piquant styles, a rushing business will be done during the Exhibition. Green, green and own appropriate to be the leading shades in fall and winter clothing. Morison & Co., show the newest designs in Amazon cloth, cadet blues, gobelins, and their silks are the manufactures of the leading makers. Visitors to the Exhibition may go further and fare worse than visit No. 218 Yonge street.

Out of Town.

GUELPH.

Miss Chadwick of The Towers will remain in Guelph this winter.

Miss Richardson has been staying at Rockwood.

The Misses Foster have left Guelph to take up their residence in Toronto and will be much missed by the St. George's choir.

What would Guelph be without the Agricultural College? said one young lady at the tennis club the other day, and what would the college be without Mr. Harry Lea? said the other. We would all like to know if he is coming back.

Why have the ladies discarded red?

Scotch is now the fashion since Mr. Mitchel's advent and it is difficult language, too.

We have a distinguished foreigner in our midst little known as yet, but he will get there all the same.

We all miss those delightful little teas every Tuesday and Saturday and especially the walk home afterwards.

Mr. E. Sturgis leaves for Toronto on the first of next month to continue his studies in that city.

Now that tennis and boating are about over riding is to be taken up by the Guelph ladies. When the cold season commences our tennis players should remember that all plays and puns on the words "deuce," "love" and "advantage" will be quite out of season.

Mrs. Albert Macdonald, who has been the guest of Mrs. McConkey, returned to Toronto last Friday.

Miss Jennie Brown's friends will be glad to hear that she has been appointed organist of the Baptist Church in place of Mrs. Clark.

Miss Weatherston, who has been spending a week in Toronto, is back in town.

Miss Amy Murray, who has been the guest of Miss Small for some time past, returned to New York on Tuesday.

Messrs. Percy and Harry Torrence spent Sunday here.

Miss Brodie of Toronto, who has been spending two weeks with Miss Guthrie, went home on Saturday.

Mrs. Arthur Hogg is out of town and will be away some weeks.

Miss Parker, who has been visiting Mrs. Morris, has returned to Hamilton.

Mr. Keating and Miss May Keating intend taking a trip down the St. Lawrence.

Miss L. Foster, on the eve of her departure for Toronto, was the recipient of a very handsome writing desk in recognition of her services in connection with the religious exercises at the General Hospital. She will be greatly missed in musical circles in the city as well as at the hospital. Miss Foster was presented with a purse containing $50 which had been subscribed by the choir and congregation.

The following players were to have represented the Guelph Lawn Tennis Club at Stratford on Saturday, but owing to the heavy rain the tournament had to be put off: Ladies—Miss Holliday, Miss Saunders, Miss Chisholm; gentlemen—Messrs. T. S. C. Saunders, H. Marsack, C. Dunbar, W. A. Higinbotham.

Mr. McConkey, manager Bank of Commerce, is in town again. He enjoyed his holidays immensely, caught any number of big fish, and intends returning to the same place next year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Webster of Ceylon, are spending a month in Guelph. They are staying with Mrs. Webster on Green street.

Mrs. Finlay and Miss Finlay are enjoying a month at Whitby.

Mrs. Harris of Homewood is out of town.

Everything is dreadfully dull just now. Our friends should remember that this is the best time in the year to give a dance. Think of the glorious moon we have this month. Such a number of pretty girls in town and one or two new men.

Miss Kate Parsons of Queen's Park, Toronto, is staying with Miss Connie Keating.

Miss Pipe and Miss Harvie intend visiting Buffalo before they return to Guelph.

We would all like to see the girls put away their cotton dresses and appear in pretty fall costumes. They would be much more becoming at this season.

We would all like to know if Mr. J. Patterson will leave his delightful grove in California to spend Christmas in Guelph.

Miss Eliza Stone's wedding is arranged for the 17th of October.

TWITTER.

BRANTFORD.

Miss Goold and Miss Helen Goold left last Saturday to spend a week in Buffalo.

Miss Nelles of Grimsby is visiting Miss Nita Nelles.

Miss Salter left last week on a visit to Toronto and Brockville.

Dr. J. F. Henwood has returned from Maplehurst, Muskoka, where he has been for the last two weeks. His complexion has assumed the usual delicate brown that the air there imparts.

Miss N. Van Norman has gone to Sarnia for a short visit.

Mr. C. H. Nelles is spending a few days in Buffalo.

Mrs. Powell of Guelph and Miss Haycock of Ottawa spent a day last week with their cousin, Mrs. A. J. Wilkes.

Mr. Harry and Mr. Arthur Yates left suddenly last Tuesday to see a sick friend in Kingston.

Mrs. Muirhead is spending a few weeks with her friends in Sarnia.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Bobb of New Orleans are in Buffalo for the week.

Miss Killmaster left last week for Port Rowan. Miss Newkirk of Bay City, Miss Marks of Bruce Mines, Miss Edith Hewitt, Miss Carey, Miss Nita Nelles and her guest, Miss Nelles of Grimsby, are visiting her, and will be present at her approaching marriage with Mr. J. K. Osborne of this city, which takes place at her father's residence, Port Rowan, next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stratford will leave town for Port Rowan on Saturday.

A canoeing party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wilkes, Miss Morton, Miss Helen Morton, Miss E. Pauline Johnstone, Mr. H. T. Minty and Mrs. Rowley, took the usual trip around the river last Wednesday, and, in spite of the lowness of the water, spent a delightful afternoon.

Good breeding is like affection, one cannot have too much of it.

The Bawling for Blood.

The accident which has closed the career of Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, will give a new zest to ballooning. Professor Baldwin will probably in future receive £150 per ascent instead of the hundred pounds which he is paid for risking his life in a balloon. Of late the enterprising showman who has engaged Baldwin and his parachute has been compelled to lay stress upon the danger, for, as he very well knows, the chance of seeing the professor killed is half the attraction of the performance. Now that poor Simmons has been mangled out of recognition by a too sudden descent, caused by the collapse of his balloon after collision with a tree, the attractiveness of all aeronautical exhibitions will be increased by at least fifty per cent. Simmons, it seems, had made 494 previous ascents, so that after all the chance of an aeronaut coming down alive is about five hundred to one. But the odd chance has been brought vividly to the public mind, and there will be a certain thrill of excitement every time a man takes his seat in a car, caused by the reflection that when he next touches *terra firma* he may be a mangled corpse.

The craving for sensation, the longing to be thrilled, are the master passions of this nervous and excitable generation. And after all there is nothing so sensational as death, which is the climax and end of all sensation. Literature, painting, the theater, our exhibitions, journalism—all bear witness to the fact that murder, suicide, or sudden death—that is to say, bloodshed in some form or other—is the master spell for enchanting human attention. The young Virginia authoress, Amelie Rives, who wrote The Quick or the Dead, in *Lippincott*, has written a tragedy entitled, Herod and Mariamne, copious extracts from which appear in the *New York Herald* under the following headline:—"Love, Intrigue, Jealousy, Passion, Lust, Madness, Murder, Death." This tragedy, which is guaranteed to make the reader shudder, represents Herod in one scene as crying, "Oh, God, I choke! Wine there! Nay, blood—blood—blood!" And, adds the journalist, "he gets it." Herod in this cry is not unlike the latest product of civilization. Men and women, choking of ennui, cry for "blood—blood—blood," and Mr. Rider Haggard and others take care that they get their fill of gore. There is no doubt about the demand. In all the annals of crime there is no more revolting episode than that of the murders of Burke and Hare. But to this day the grim and horrible tale of how these men murdered their fellows in order to sell their corpses for the dissecting-table is the most popular subject that a novelist can select. The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* could never command a sale until it rehashed the narrative of these murders many years ago, and the *Sheffield Telegraph* is said to be selling at this moment 300,000 copies weekly solely on the strength of Burke and Hare. What is known in the suggestive slang of the profession as a "good, first-class bloody murder," will sell more papers than the most brilliant article that was ever penned. A newspaper circulation is a very accurate gauge of the taste of the public. No man will give a penny for that which does not interest him. Every paper sold represents a wish sufficiently potent to lead to the sacrifice of one penny for the sake of the intelligence the paper contains. Judged by this test, the average man or woman prefers bloody murders served up hot to a poem by Tennyson, the account of a scientific miracle of Edison's or an exquisite prose essay by John Ruskin.

How far will this sanguinary appetite carry us? At this moment in London one of the most popular exhibitions is a reproduction as lifelike as possible of the gladiatorial games of the Roman Colisseum. Twice a day thousands of men, women and children watch with eager interest the minute representation of the deadly combats in a building as nearly as possible the fac-simile of that where once in Imperial Rome "the buzz of eager nations ran," while "murder breathed her bloody steam" and "man was butchered by his fellow man, and wherefore butchered? Wherefore but because" the Roman public, jaded and ennuyed, found life not worth living without the stimulus of the sight of death. We are getting it very like the same thing at Kensington. Buffalo Bill began it with apparent slaughter of Indians. The Arabs at Olympia kept it up with their attacks on the French military train, and now we have killing going on in make-believe at both the Irish and the Italian exhibitions. Where will it stop? The popularity of a hanging in England in old times, and of a guillotining in Paris to-day shows how deep and passionate is the craving to see men killed. Some day perhaps some man of an artistic realism will arise who will give us the real thing itself. Science and freedom of contract and overpopulation might together bring men first to excuse and then to justify the occasional massacre of Chinese gladiators, who would willingly sell themselves to death—if the price were good enough—to make an English holiday in West Kensington.—*Pall Mall Budget*

On the Way to the Caledonian Games.

Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Shtop, ye divil! Where's yer pass?

Fergus McTavish McFash (with dignity)—Pants, mon! I hae nane!

Officer O'Grady—Thin, divil the shtep ye take till ye go into Levi's shtore and putt up th' harmonicon fer a pair o' blue flannins to conserve th' dacency av yer legs. D' ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haythen baboon?

Knew His Gait.

There was a tramp standing at the corner of Park and High streets the other day when a pedestrian halted and looked him over and said:

"I'll tell you how you can make a quarter."

"Well?"

"Wash your face!"

"And lose $25 by it! Not much!"

"How would you lose?"

"Why, I go about asking for ten cents to permit me to shave and wash up, and I get it every time. Once I was clean my hold on public sympathy would be gone."

Close at Hand.

Once, said Lawrence Oliphant, I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder, and feeling the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me: "It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?"

"I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if you let go you will be there in two minutes."

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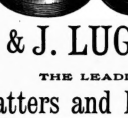

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Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.

The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000

PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: GEORGE GOODERHAM, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, WILLIAM BELL, ESQ., MANUFACTURER, GUELPH.

AUDITORS: H. J. HILL, SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, TORONTO, EDGAR A. WILLIS, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, TORONTO.

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Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886 Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

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GRAND FALL OPENING

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Mantle & Dress Show Rooms

Will continue ALL NEXT WEEK. Come in and see the Novelties.

MANTLES, JACKETS AND ULSTERS

The Newest Berlin, Paris, London and New York Styles.

Dress Goods—In all the latest fashionable shades and combinations.

Our Silks cannot be approached for quality and price.

Greatest Values Ever Shown

Couvesier's Guaranteed Kid Gloves

At $1, $1.25, and $1.50, in Beautiful Fall Shades.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

We employ only the most skilled artistes. Every garment guaranteed a perfect fit. Prices always as moderate as is consistent with good work.

VISITORS TO THE CITY

We invite you to inspect our stock and view the handsomest store in Canada.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

Successors to J. PETTMAN & CO.

218 Yonge Street, corner Albert Street

Around Town.

(Continued from Page One.)

jury, jury look at the prisoner! I really feel sorry for poor Drake. Had he been satisfied with one duck, his fate might have been different.

* * *

I am informed that a barrister who recently lost his gown was leader of a parochial Y. M. C. A. I don't mention this fact in order to scandalize the association, but merely to point out the oft-repeated truth that while the man who has bad associates is seldom apt to be better than his companions are, the one who endeavors to be noticeable among the truly good is very apt to be worse than those he uses as a ladder to secure his advancement, and this is the reason religious organizations are very frequently scandalized. Those who are pious are apt to be unassuming, and the self-seeking and pretentious are very often permitted to attain prominence. It is too frequently the case that the man who seeks office can seize it, while the one who is fitted sits on the back seat and quietly wonders that the society can be so blind as to make such a selection. Who is to blame? A share of it certainly falls upon those who fail to do their duty, as well as upon those who, without regard to duty, are determined to have everything there is to be had.

* * *

The country cousin is here; in the streets, in the hotels, at the fair, the theater, everywhere. His dusty overcoat hangs in the hall; his valise reclineth in the spare bed-room, and his unrestrained eloquence reverberates through the dining-room as he tells where he has been and the sights he has seen at the Exhibition, and those who wish he sometimes would not be so glowing in his descriptions and so hilarious in his expression, would give a town lot, centrally located, if they had only retained his capacity for enjoyment, and could have for a half-day his undiminished organ of wonder. DON.

Celebrated People Series---No. 2.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

(See Page One.)

The Dishess of Albany (*nee* Princess Helen of Waldeck) is a daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck—Pyrmont, an old Protestant house connected with many of the royal families of Europe. The Duchess is well educated and is a good conversationalist. Prince Leopold met her at Soden, a small watering place, in 1831, became engaged to her the same year, the marriage being consummated in 1882. The young couple lived at Claremont during two short happy years, when the sudden death of the Duke, at Cannes, left her a youthful widow, with one child and the expectation of becoming a mother shortly. The posthumous child is a boy, and bears a strong resemblance, like his father, to the late Prince Consort.

The Vice-Regal Party at Linden Villa.

Linden Villa, the pleasant home of Alderman Hallam, was *en fete* last Tuesday afternoon. The occasion was the presentation of an address from the citizens of Lancashire descent, now resident in Toronto and various parts of the Province, to His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston. Half-past five o'clock was the time mentioned on the cards of invitation, and from that hour onwards a long line of invited guests passed through the arched entrance to Linden Villa admiring the artistic looking shields of maple leaves which bore such appropriate legends as Welcome, Stanley for Ever, Prosperity to Lancashire, Our Queen and Country, The Unity of the Empire, and Canada our Home. Shortly before six o'clock the Vice Regal party, consisting of Lord and Lady Stanley, Miss Lister, Captain Colville, Mr. MacMahon, Mayor Clarke and Alderman Dodds, passed through the south-western entrance to the grounds and took their places on an improvised dais. The address of welcome was read by Mr. Hallam, and was responded to in the heartiest manner by Lord Stanley. During the intervals music was rendered by Taylor's Band, and was thoroughly appreciated by every one present.

At the conclusion of Lord Stanley's reply, little Theodore Douglas Hallam presented a handsome bouquet to Miss Lister, his sister Bessie rendering a similar offering to Lady Stanley.

A large number of guests were presented to His Excellency before the departure of the Vice-Regal Party at 6.30. The entertainment continued until 9.30, the grounds being illuminated by nearly one thousand Chinese lanterns of various designs, whilst a brilliant display of fireworks lent additional interest to an affair which reflects the highest credit on the kind heart and hospitality of Alderman Hallam, whose remarkable energy has brought to a most successful issue the desire of the men of Lancashire to testify their good will towards a distinguished member of the House of Stanley.

Amongst the invited guests were: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Mr. Hartley Dewart, Dr. Geo. Hodgins, Archdeacon Boddy, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Mr. W. Walmsley, Capt. Leach, Capt. Manley, Dr. O'Reilly, Judge Paterson and Mrs. Paterson, Judge McDougall, Mr. A. R. Boswell, Mr. James Bain, jr., Mr. John Davey, Dr. White, Rev. John Neil, Mr. Geo. H. Robinson, Col. Geo. T. Denison, Col. Fred. C. Denison, M.P., Mr. Charles Newberry of Hamilton, Mr. R. S. Williams and wife of Goderich, Mr. John Newton and wife of Limehouse, Mr. David Walker; Mr. T. D. Apsden and wife of Blackburn, Lancashire; Mr. Thomas Lee and wife of Philadelphia, Mr. John Morison, Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Wm. Ince, Mr. Philip Jamieson, Mr. R. T. Coady, Mr. N. Maughan, Mr. Richard Lewis, John Leys, M.P.P., Mr. George Darby, Mr. John Taylor, Mr. John F. Taylor, Mr. Walter S. Lee, Capt. James Mason, Sheriff Mowat, Dr. Davidson Mr. Stovel, Prof. Hirschfelder, Mr. Frank Somers, Mr. T. C. Irving, Rev. Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Edward Pearson, Mr. Josh Ingham, Mr. John Pape, Mr. R. K. Burgess, Mr. Hy. Whallyn Neville, Mr. David Smith, Mr. Thos. Armstrong, Mr. Wm. Firstbrook, Mr. J. Owen, Mr. Myles Pennington, Mr. V. Pennington, Mr. Wm. Lea, Mr. John Lea, Mr. Thos. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ramsay, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Mr. Wm. Hamilton, Mr. E. Coatsworth, Chief Ardagh, Dr. A. Smith, Mr. E. P. Roden, the members of the City Council, Mrs. John Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Bronley, Mrs. W. Walmsley, Mrs. A. E. Denison, the Misses Walker, Mrs. Moffatt and Miss Patterson.

Those who united with Ald. Hallam in the reception to Lord Stanley were as follows:—Mr. Geo. Bruckshaw of Ashton-under-Hyne; Mr. John Gowland, Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redford, Mr. Joseph Redford, jun., all of Bolton; Mrs. Shuttleworth of Bacup; Mr. John Fletcher of Blackburn; Mr. J. W. Green-Armitage, Mr. Edward Hodgson, Mr. Thomas Hogarth, Mr. Myles Jennington, all of Lancaster; Mrs. G. C. Elliott, Mrs. R. Dickson, Mr. Albert Unsworth, Mr. Richard Unsworth, Mrs. James Patterson, Mr. William D. Firstbrook, Mr. G. Gowland, Mr. John Bollard, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis, Miss Jones, Mr. James Stewart, Mr. Frederick Rolling, Mr. David Smith, Mrs. Annie Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McCrea, Mr. A. M. McCrea, Mr. J. A. McCrea, Mr. H. H. McCrea, Mr. W. McCrea, Mr. E. McCrea, Miss Eva McCrea, Mr. Alfred Sanders, Mr. Alfred Wibby, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Barstow all of Liverpool; Mr. F. Bailey, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. William Walmsley of Bury; Mr. Jas. Duckworth, Miss Esther Hannah Duckworth, Mr. J. T. Hentig, Mr. John Sinclair, Mr. Wm. Braybrook Bayley, Mr. Wm. Bayley, Mr. C. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hilton, Miss Ruth Hilton, Mr. A. W. Armstrong, Mr. A. C. Bird, Mr. Wm. Lea, Mr. John Lea, Mr. J. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dawes, Miss Jones, Mr. James Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, Mr. John Bromley, Mr. George Bromley, Mr. Albert Bromley, Mr. Harry Bromley, Mr. M. A. Bromley, Mr. T. D. Bromley. Mr. B. Bromley, Capt. Leach, Mr. W. F. Peurice, Mr. George Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Coxen, Mr. Geo. Coxen, Mr. George Brooks, jun., Mr. George Brooks, sen., Mr. Wm. A. Firstbrook, Mr. J. G. Owen, Rev. C. H. Manning, Mr. Frank Vipoud, Mr. Ben. Sykes, Mr. James Salthouse, Mr. Arthur Heath, all of Manchester; Mr. W. H. Hodgkinson, Mr. John Hallam, Mr. James Hallam, Mr. S. Burgess, Mr. James Swift, Mr. John Brindle, Mrs. Susan Robins, Mrs. Alice Clegg, Mr. Joseph Holden, Miss Nancy Holden, Mr. G. Trotter Carr, Mr. John Green, all of Chorley; Mrs. Mercer, Mr. John Clegg, Miss Hannah Baxendale, Mr. Richard Hunt, Mr. John Baxendale, Mr. Wm. Pearson, Mr. V. Pennington, Mr. Elijah Simmons, Mr. Elijah Alma Simmons, all of Preston; Mr. Henry Newham, Mr. and Mrs. Fitton, all of Oldham; Mr. H. Butterworth, Mr. Zeph. Hilton, Mrs. Eliza Hilton, Mr. H. D. Collingwood, Mr. Jas. Bamford, Mr. James Clegg, Mrs. Clegg, Miss Libbie Clegg, Mr. Wm. Bamford.

Danford Roche & Co., the Yonge street dry goods firm, are giving up business, and are holding a sale disposing of their stock. They are very busy.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HART—On September 8, at 25 Wilcox street, Mrs. S. R. Hart—a son.

MILNE—On September 8, at Toronto, Mrs. R. Y. Milne—twins, boy and girl.

MOLESWORTH—On September 9, at St. Catharines, Mrs. B. N. Molesworth—a son.

SPARROWHAWK—On September 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Sparrowhawk—a son.

HOWARD—On September 3, at St. Julian's, Georgina, Mrs. John L. Howard—a son.

McLAURIN—On September 5, at Breadalbane, Glengarry County, Ont., Mrs. James C. McLaurin—a son.

SMITH—On September 10, at 34 Wellington place, Mrs. J. C. Smith—a daughter.

McCUL—On September 10, at Lethbridge, N. W. T., Mrs. C. C. McCaul—a daughter

McNAB—On September 12, at Essex avenue, Montreal, Mrs. William McNab—a son.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—MACALLUM—On September 11, at King, John Alex Macdonald to Catharine Macallum, of King.

GOODERHAM—NORTHROP—On September 12, at Toronto, George Horace Gooderham to Cora Maud, only child of H. T. Northrop.

CAVERS—McMILLAN—On September 12, at Galt, John Cavers, manager Imperial Bank of Canada, Galt, to Jennie, youngest daughter of the late James McMillan.

DOHERTY—DUNCAN—On September 5, at Newton Farm, Derby, Rev. Albert E. Doherty, B.A., of St. Paul's Church, Carlisle, to Charlotte Malcolm, youngest daughter of John Duncan.

GODFREY—HASSALL—At Toronto, Henry Godfrey of Toronto to Emily, eldest daughter of Richard Hassall of Toronto.

RENTON—HOLMES—On September 5, John L. Renton, post-office department, Kingston, to Selina E., youngest daughter of the late Rev. A. T. Holmes.

SMITH—DENNE—On September 5, Algernon St Alban Smith, of the Bank of Toronto, to Mary, third daughter of Henry Denne of Peterborough.

THOMPSON—ELLIOTT—On September 5, at Peterborough, Fred. M. Thompson of Montreal to Christiana Victoria, second daughter of J. F. Elliott.

TAYLOR—ELDER—On September 6, Jeremy Taylor, accountant of the Bank of British North America, London, Ont., to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Hon. William Ender, A.M., LL.D., of St. John, N.B.

KEELING—SMITH—On September 12, at Toronto, Wm. P. Keeling to Kate Maude Smith, both of Toronto.

GARRETT—SE—CRE—WELL—On September 4, at Fairview, Lachute, Que., William H. Garretase of Consecon, Ont., to Isabella Hastings, eldest daughter of Robert Creswell.

HARRIS—BROWN—On September 10, at Parkdale, Tiffin Harris, of Wirton, Cumberland, Eng., to Agnes Ann Brown.

MARLATT—FORTUNE—On September 5, George Herbert Marlatt, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Portage la Prairie, Man., to Martha Gray, fourth daughter of William Fortune of Attwood, Ont.

Deaths.

McCONAGHY—On September 9, at Richmond Hill, Margaret McConaghy, aged 52 years

MACDONELL—On September 9, at 123 Huron street, Allan Macdonell, aged 79 years.

MASON—On September 10, at Toronto, Maurice Herbert Campbell Mason, aged 5 months and 4 days.

MACRAE—On September 9, at 127 Wellington street west, Alex. S. Macrae, aged 50 years.

WOOLSEY—On September 10, at 7 Davenport place, Thomas William Woolsey, aged 12 years.

HOAR—On August 29, at Funetanguishene, Wm. Hoar, aged 78 years.

SNIDER—On September 8, at 330 Jarvis street, M. E. Snider, aged 43 years.

BUCHANAN—On August 29, at Aberfoyle, Scotland, Janet Moitness Buchanan, aged 87 years.

BROWN—On September 8, at West York, Mary Brown, aged 59 years.

MARTIN—On September 10, Frank Martin, aged 22 years.

PARKER—On September 8, at Waverley, Ont., Mrs Kate Parker, aged 64 years.

CLELAND—On September 10, at Toronto, Andrew W. Cleland, aged 21 years.

CLARK—On September 9, at Montreal, J. Curtis Clark, aged 76 years.

COLFER—On September 7, at the Island of Orleans, Que., Lieut.-Colonel George W. Colfer.

DENISON—On September 11, at Bellevue, Toronto, Ellen Louisa, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. R. B. Denison.

MORRISON—On September 11, at The Elms, Beverley street, Harry E. Morrison, aged 9 years.

MICHEL—On September 10, Adele Michel.

McGIVERN—On September 3, at Toronto, Walter James McGivern, aged 31 years.

BARRY—On September 11, at Malone, N. Y., Francis Barry, aged 50 years.

CHAPLIN—In Township of Esquesing, County Halton, William Chaplin, aged 72 years.

BOSWORTH—On September 11, at Port Rowan, Edwin George Bosworth, aged 17 years.

AYRE—On September 12, at Toronto, Charles Alfred Ayre, aged 17 years.

AUTOGRAPH FAC-SIMILÉS

OF THE

QUEEN of SONG

AND THE

KINGS of MUSIC

With extracts from letters received by MESSRS. MASON & RISCH, the well-known manufacturers of Canada's High Class Pianoforte:

I wish to say how thoroughly pleased and delighted I was with your pianos. . . . I feel very proud such instruments are made in Canada.

Madame Albani, Canada's Greatest Artiste, the Most Gifted and Popular Prima Donna in England.

The Mason & Risch Grand Piano is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. . . . With my sincere regards I desire to send you my portrait. It has been painted for you by Baron Joukovsky, son of the renowned Russian Author, and personal friend and instructor of the Emperor Alexander II.

The Most Wonderful Pianist and Musician of this Century.

For beauty of tone, and excellence of mechanism and workmanship, I consider these instruments of high class production, and think Mason & Risch worthy to rank among the first manufacturers of the world.

Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.

Owing to its (Mason & Risch Upright Piano) far-reaching artistic excellence, it meets all the requirements of the Concert or Drawing Room, and will, by its solidity of construction and durability be especially serviceable for the educational requirements of Conservatories.

Director of the Grand Ducal Orchestral College and Conductor of the Royal Court Orchestra, Weimar, Germany.

After a careful examination of your Pianos I have no hesitation in saying that they are fine in tone, most excellent in touch, and the damping power, perfect. *Indeed, I have for the first time met with this only in your pianos.*

Organist in Ordinary to Her Majesty, Hampton Court Palace.

It is an undeniable fact that both for sympathetic quality of tone, elasticity of touch, and artistic finish in every detail of the mechanism, your instruments compare favorably with those of the most eminent makers, both in Europe and America.

The Most Celebrated Organist and Composer in the United States formerly of the Alexandra Palace, London, England.

Your pianos are all in possession of a rich, mellow, musical tone, and respond quickly to all efforts of the player. I was not previously aware that pianos of such artistic merit were manufactured in Canada.

Pianist of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, formerly Court Pianist to His Majesty, King of Denmark.

FACTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF PURCHASERS

The pre-eminent reputation of the Mason & Risch Piano is the result of a determination to win a position of the highest character for their Pianoforte, and of unremitting effort in that direction. It has been secured by their unform excellence of tone quality, and their sterling and lasting qualities of construction and mechanism.

The reputation of the Mason & Risch Pianos has been confirmed by the testimonies of the most competent musicians and critics in the world, not by statements made by themselves as manufacturers. Messrs. Mason & Risch believe that self praise is not a sufficient warranty for any article, let alone an instrument as intricate in its mechanism and as costly as a piano.

The reputation of the Mason & Risch Pianos has been established by the fact, that these instruments not only overcame a well-merited prejudice against Canadian pianos, because of their indifferent quality, but have also commanded the unqualified approval of the best musicians in Germany, England, United States, and Our Own Country.

That the reputation of the Mason & Risch Piano has an enduring place in the minds of our people, is evidenced by the daily receipt of letters of commendation from Purchasers, Heads of Colleges, Convents and other Educational institutions, as well as from the fact that the demand for them has increased so steadily, that this summer they have been obliged to build a large addition to their factory —THE FOURTH EXTENSION IN ELEVEN YEARS.

Visitors to Toronto are invited to call at either our King, or Queen Street Warerooms and Inspect our Stock.

Special Clearing Sale of Organs and Second Hand Pianos during Exhibition.

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MASON & RISCH

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Catalogues and Price Lists Mailed on Application to Any Address

Exhibition Invitations.

Visitors kindly call at St. Leon office, King or Yonge street. Will show you some wonderful virtues that have made the water so popular. Also enquiries may be supplied at all points. Business men, please call and secure agency. The cures, where cures seemed impossible, including Bright's disease and diabetes, at the springs and points where sold this season would fill a book, and when published will startle the world.

STECK PIANOS

Are Preferred to all others after

Thirty Years' Test

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EXHIBITION SALE 1888

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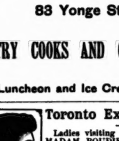

Toronto Exhibition, 1888

Ladies visiting the city can consult MADAM BOUDIER as to the removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms and moulds. I guarantee a permanent cure. References from leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Beware of quacks and frauds as I am the only person who understands the treatment of electrolysis in Canada.

Note the address, 663 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Enquiries may be made by post. Enclose stamp.

DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF SQUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's), cuts direct without paper or patterns. J. & A. CARVER, Practical Dressmakers and Milliners, 372 Yonge street, Toronto.

Agents wanted.

Charles Brown,

Nos. 36 and 38 KING ST. WEST.

Coupes 75c.

Carriages $1

Telephone 123.

Gone to Press.

"And you are certain you love me, Arthur?" said the pretty editoress as her lover hung over her in the bay window of the mountain. "You are certain!"

"I am," replied the lover with an emphasis on the am.

"Will you say it again? she asked, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

"I say it again," he said, "I love you!"

"Then," said she, "I am satisfied and we may now go to press."

Philanthropy on the Bench.

A Spanish magistrate, in his righteous wrath against the prevalent adulteration of provisions, has issued the following proclamation: Every description of wine, groceries and articles of food that on examination are found to be injurious to health shall henceforth be confiscated and distributed among the various charitable institutions.—*El Dia.*

Lovers of Nature.

She (during a trip into the country)—Here, Felix, let us sit down on the grass, and take in all the poetic charms of Nature in her lovely dress!

He—All right; just hand out the brandy-flask.—*Buntes Allerlei.*

The simple faith of a little child is the world's truest homage.

Dreams are oftimes the fulfilment of a prophecy within ourselves.

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Last Week. Phenomenal Success of

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PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE

With all the Great Cast.

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GRAND REVIVAL OF MIKADO

With the Full Strength of the Entire Company.

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CHINA WARE

In Tea, Dinner, Dessert and Chamber Services, Handsome Dresden China Figures, Vases and other Ornaments. Noble

BLACK MARBLE CLOCKS

(Striking hour and half-hour on Cathedral Gongs), Equestrian Plaques and other

BRONZES

A Magnificent Assortment of Genuine

SHEFFIELD SILVER PLATE

Comprising Tea and Coffee Services, Salvers, Waiters, Tea Urns, Biscuit-holders, Cake Baskets, Cruets, Choice Afternoon Tea Sets and Trays, Butter Coolers, Hot Water and Syrup Jugs, Novel Breakfast Cruets, Sugar and Cream Stands, Toddy and Tea Kettles, most fashionably mounted Salad Bowls, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, etc., manufactured by Messrs. ELKINGTON & Co., makers by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen. The

CUTLERY

Comprises Ivory-handled Table and Cheese Knives, beautifully mounted sets of Carvers, Handsome Cabinets of Dessert Knives and Forks, in Pearl, Ivory and other handles, Fruit Servers, Fish Eating Knives and Forks with full assortment of other articles for table use, which will be sold at Public Auction on

MONDAY · SEPTEMBER 17

And following days of week, at 11 o'clock a.m. and 2.30 p.m. each day.

The above affords an excellent opportunity to parties furnishing and for the purchase of Wedding, Birthday and other Presents.

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WILL BE TO

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And Return, Colonist Class

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The Excursion will leave Toronto at 11:00 p.m. on Sept. 25, and Carlton Junction at 1:10 a.m. Sept. 26, via North Bay and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to return up to Nov. 25.

Apply to nearest railroad agent for full particulars and accommodation in Colonist Sleepers, which will be reserved as ordered.

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DIAMONDS.

For a large assortment and close prices call on

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Mothers, our stock of BOYS' SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S SUITS is full and complete. Just what is required for the above occasion. Come in! Look at them! Buy them! And on your arrival home, should they prove to be not what you wish in style, quality or in any other respect, return to us and see how cheerfully we refund the price paid.

P. JAMIESON

Will never tire in his efforts to please the boys.

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"DOMINION" PIANOS

Peerless for Perfection of Tone, Touch and Durability.

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